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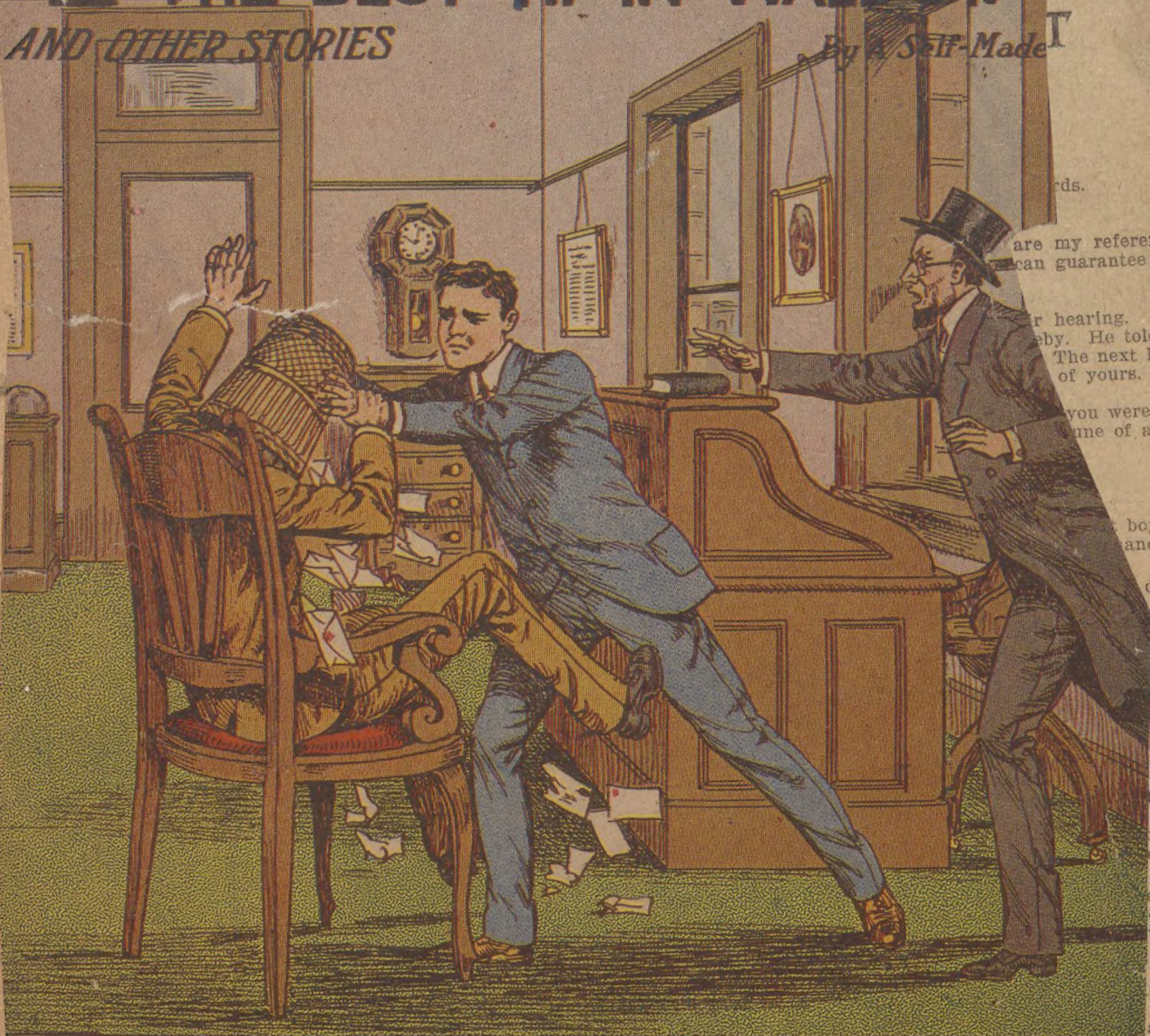
FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

OLD KITSON'S KID ID OR THE BEST TIP IN WALL ST.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made T



Quick as a wink, Jimmy snatched up the waste paper basket and jammed it down over the visitor's head, who threw up his arms in dismay. Just then Old Kitson entered the office.

"Here, what are you doing, Jimmy?" he said, coming forward.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No 434.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

OLD KITSON'S KID

—OR—

THE BEST TIP IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH JIMMY IS HIRED BY OLD KITSON.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped old Kitson, glaring over the top of his desk at one of his clerks who had just come in his room.

It was Friday afternoon, and the old man was unusually busy.

Furthermore, he was anxious to get away early from the office, and he resented anything that savored of an interruption.

Old Kitson had not been favored by nature with a handsome face.

In the first place, his nose was too large and overshadowed the rest of his features.

His eyes were of the color of gooseberries, and his cheek bones were prominent.

Then the old man's disposition was not the sweetest in the world.

He seemed to be afflicted with a perpetual grouch.

His clerks always approached him with a fear as to the reception they would receive from him.

Still the old man had his virtues, though nobody ever thought of them.

"A young man outside wants to see you on particular business," replied the clerk, deferentially.

"Why didn't you find out what his business was?" growled the broker. "I haven't time to see visitors unless——"

"I asked him, and he said it was an important matter."

"Show him in."

The clerk retired, and presently the door opened again and admitted a cheeky-looking lad, four feet nothing in his socks.

"How do you do, Mr. Kitson?" said the young visitor, cheerfully.

The broker stared at him and a look of seeming recognition came over his homely features.

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a job?" he snorted.

"Yes, sir."

"You got your answer, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what the dickens do you mean by coming back and saying you want to see me on important business?"

"It is important—to me."

"Confound your——"

"When I called last week you told me you wanted an older boy," said the boy, calmly. "That's why I've come back again now."

Old Kitson's face grew purple at the boy's words.

He was mad clear through.

"Get out of here!" he roared.

"Yes, sir; but you need a boy. Here are my references. You'll oblige me by looking them over. I can guarantee that I'll suit you right up to the handle."

"Will you get out of here?"

"Certainly, sir; but I'm entitled to a fair hearing. That top letter is from your old friend, Mr. Nickleby. He told me you'd be glad to do him a favor at any time. The next letter is from Lawyer Saunders, another old friend of yours. The third letter is from——"

"Why didn't you show me these letters when you were here before?" said old Kitson, who had altered his tune of a sudden.

"You didn't give me a chance."

"Your name is Jimmy Oliver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Nickleby says you are an uncommonly smart boy."

"He ought to know, for I've given him several chances to find out."

"Hum! Did he send you here to see what I could do for you?"

"Yes, sir. He said if you didn't have an opening for me you'd get me a job in some other office."

"Well, I'm under an obligation to Mr. Nickleby, and as I need a boy, I'll give you a chance to make good. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"You look younger."

"That's because I was born early."

"Born early!"

"In the morning—one minute after twelve on the first of the year."

"Hum! It will take you a week to find your way around the district. That's a disadvantage, but I suppose I'll have to stand for it."

"No, sir. I've been eight days in the city, and I've spent most of the time looking Wall Street over. I expected to go to work here, so I made it my business to get acquainted with things."

"You have learned the streets in this part of town, then?"

"Yes, sir; and I know where all the office buildings are from Maiden Lane to the Battery. I can tell you where the exchanges are, and the banks, and the hotels, theaters and important public buildings from here to Central Park. I'll guarantee I can go any place in the city you send me, and not lose any time on the job, either."

"You seem to have put in your time to advantage," said the

broker, somewhat impressed by the lad, who looked different to him from the usual run of city boys. "Where are you stopping?"

"At a boarding-house on West Thirty-eighth street."

Old Kitson pressed a button in his desk.

A clerk answered the summons.

"Send Mr. Brown here," said the broker.

The cashier responded.

"Mr. Brown, this is Jimmy Oliver. I've taken him into the office on trial. I guess he'll make good, for he looks smart and is highly recommended by several persons I am acquainted with. He's from Pugwash, Maryland, and has only been in the city a week, but he seems to have devoted that week to getting acquainted with the city, and Wall Street in particular. His wages will be \$6 to begin. He will report to you in the morning. I will send him out to you in a few minutes."

The cashier bowed and retired.

Kitson then proceeded to hand out a bunch of advice to his new boy as to how he would be expected to conduct himself, and told him in a general way what his duties would be.

"Now go out to the cashier—the gentleman who was just in here, and give him your address. He will post you further as to your duties, and give you any information you wish to ask him. Our office hours are from nine till five, but unless your services are needed you won't be required to remain after four. That is all for the present."

"All right, sir. You'll find me right up to the minute. Mr. Nickleby says if I don't give you perfect satisfaction he'll come here and tan my hide."

"He said that, did he?" said the broker, with the ghost of a smile, the first that had illuminated his features that day.

"Yes, sir; and he meant it. He intends to write you and find out how I am getting on. If your report isn't all to the good, I'll have to look out."

"Well, go to the cashier now, and come here at nine in the morning," said the old man, turning to his desk.

Jimmy marched outside into the waiting-room, saw the brass counting-room door before him, walked into that enclosure, and locating Mr. Brown's desk close to the big safe, took himself there.

"Well, young man, your name is James Oliver, I believe," said the cashier, writing it down on a pad.

"I'm called Jimmy for short," replied the new boy.

"Where are you living?"

"No — West Thirty-eighth street, a boarding-house."

"Expect to stay there?"

"I guess so."

"If you go anywhere else, let me know."

"I will."

"You're from Pugwash, Maryland. Is that a country town?"

"It's the biggest place on the Eastern shore, though it isn't so much at that. It's the county seat, and the railroad runs to it. They say George Washington stopped there once."

"It's an old town, then?"

"Yes, it's pretty old, but you wouldn't think so from its looks."

"It's across the Chesapeake Bay from Baltimore?"

"Yes, and up the Chester River. A boat runs to Baltimore in the summer."

"Where does the railroad run?"

"To Clayton Junction, Delaware, about thirty miles. That's the way I came here, by way of Wilmington and Philadelphia."

"You've been here a week and have been looking around town since to get acquainted with the place. How did you happen to come in here looking for a position? Did somebody tell you we wanted a boy?"

"No. I had letters of introduction to Mr. Kitson."

"Why didn't you call when you arrived? You might have lost the chance of getting in here."

"I did call, but I guess Mr. Kitson had eaten something that disagreed with him that day. He wouldn't listen to me or look at my letters. He said I was too young—he wanted an older boy, so I waited a week and called to-day again."

The cashier grinned.

"How did he receive you to-day?"

"He recognized me and told me to get out."

"Which you didn't do, evidently."

"No. I was after the job, and I finally landed it."

"Perseverance is a good quality. Do you think you'll be able to find your way around the district in a day or two?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, confidently. "I can do it now."

"I think I will test your ability to do so. Here is a note I

want taken to a broker in the Mills Building. His office is on the third floor."

"I'll take it there in two shakes of a lamb's tail," said Jimmy, promptly.

"Do you know where the building is?"

"Sure I do. It's down in Broad street."

"That's right. Well, here is the note."

"Do I get an answer?"

"Yes, if the gentleman is in he'll send a reply."

"If he isn't in, do I leave the note for him?"

"Hand it to the cashier. He'll answer it."

Jimmy started off intending to make good time.

He reached the building without any trouble, went up in the elevator, though his experience with elevators was exceedingly limited, found the office of the broker, and walked in.

CHAPTER II.

JIMMY'S TEST ERRAND.

"Is Mr. Grant in?" he asked a clerk who was crossing the room.

"Yes. Who are you from?"

"Mr. Kitson, stock broker."

"Well, go right in at that door."

Jimmy did so, and saw a well-dressed gentleman at a desk.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?"

"I brought you a note from Mr. Kitson. I was told to get an answer."

The broker tore the envelope open, read the brief communication, wrote a reply at the bottom of it, put it in another envelope and handed it to Jimmy.

The boy left the room and started to leave the office post-haste.

As he opened the corridor door he came smack against another boy of his own age, but not so stockily built.

The other kid staggered and fell, and Jimmy tumbled over him.

"What's the matter with you, you lobster? Can't you see where you're going?" said the other lad, feeling his head.

"Why didn't you look where you're going yourself?" retorted Jimmy, as he picked himself up and brushed his clothes with his hands.

"Aw, rats! If I had time I'd punch your head for you."

"You would?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, I would. Who do you think you are, anyway?" said the boy, aggressively.

"If I wasn't in a hurry I'd show you who I am," replied Jimmy.

"You'd show me nothing. I could lick you with one hand."

"You couldn't lick me with both hands, and your feet thrown in."

"Wait till I meet you again, and I'll show you," said the youth, looking around for the envelope he had dropped.

He didn't see it, because Jimmy happened to be standing on it.

"You picked that envelope of mine up. Hand it over," he said.

"What envelope are you talking about?"

"Here, give it up," said the youth, grabbing Jimmy.

Jimmy grabbed him and shoved him away.

Then he started for the elevator.

The envelope went with him, sticking to the sole of his shoe.

"Give me that note, confound you!" cried the other youth, rushing after him.

"What's the matter with you? I haven't got your note. I didn't see it."

"I know better."

At that moment one of Mr. Grant's clerks came out of the office, and the youth, who happened to be the messenger of the office, appealed to him.

"I haven't got his note," protested Jimmy. "I don't know anything about it."

The youth told the clerk that Jimmy had run into him and knocked him down.

"I dropped the note. If he didn't pick it up it would be around, wouldn't it?"

"Did you see him pick it up?" asked the clerk.

"No, but he could have done it while I was down."

"But I fell over you and was down, too," said Jimmy. "Anyway, I haven't got it. If you dropped it it's your business to

find it. I'm working for Mr. Kitson," he added to the clerk. "What would I want to take his note for?" "To make trouble for me," snarled the youth. "Get out. Go find your note, I'm not going to lose any more time."

Jimmy broke away, reached the elevator and went down. When he got back to the office he handed Mr. Grant's answer to the cashier.

"I'd have been back sooner only I had a run-in with a kid who butted into me. I guess he was somebody's office boy, for he said I took his note," said Jimmy.

"Where did it happen—on the street?" asked the cashier. "No. Outside Mr. Grant's office," said Jimmy, who then told about the affair.

"I guess the boy lost it on the street without knowing it." "I guess he did, too, for I didn't see it."

"You performed your errand well, so I guess you'll do all right," said the cashier. "Be here a few minutes before nine in the morning."

As Jimmy was walking out of the office he was followed out by a boy who had brought a note to the cashier.

"Say, are you a messenger?" asked the latter.

"I guess I am," said Jimmy.

"Do you carry your messages around on the sole of your feet?" grinned the boy.

"Why do you ask me such a fool question?"

"Because you're carrying one there now."

"What kind of a joke are you trying to play on me?"

"Lift up your foot and you'll see it."

"Go on, I'm not biting to-day."

"Honest, you're carrying an envelope on the bottom of your foot. If it isn't so you can kick me."

"How can I carry an envelope on the bottom of my foot?"

"It must be stuck there."

Jimmy lifted his right leg and saw that the boy had told the truth—there was an envelope attached to the sole.

He pulled it away with some difficulty, but half of the envelope still held.

It was stuck as hard as though plastered there.

He had to get out his knife to scrape it away in pieces.

Then he looked at the thin enclosure, which had come away intact with half of a worn envelope.

It ran as follows:

"G——: Go ahead and buy every share you can find until you get orders to stop.

J. F. D."

"I must have picked this up on the street," said Jimmy.

"I guess you did," said the other boy. "Some kid lost it."

"Gee! Maybe that's the envelope I was accused of picking up in the Mills Building."

"How is that?" asked the other.

Jimmy told him about the incident.

"You say the office he was going in was Grant's?"

"Yes."

"The note is addressed to a man whose name begins with a G."

"That's so. I'd better take it down there, tell Mr. Grant how I found it and ask him if he thinks it was intended for him."

"You could do that, but if I were you I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because if the note belongs to him he'll know you have read it."

"What difference will that make. There is nothing specially important about it."

"No? Say, how long have you been working in Wall Street?"

"I haven't worked at all yet. I begin to-morrow morning."

"But you told me you carried a message to Broker Grant. Don't you call that working?"

"Oh, that was only a test message the cashier gave me to see what I could do."

"Then you are a newcomer to the Street?"

"Yes."

"What broker are you going to work for?"

"Mr. Kitson, down the corridor."

"Kitson, eh? I wish you luck," grinned the other. "What's your name?"

"Jimmy Oliver."

"Mine is Brad Martin. I work for Benson—the office opposite Kitson's. I rather like you. We might as well be friends as not."

"I'm willing."

"Shake, then."

The boys clasped hands.

"You live uptown, I suppose?"

"Yes, at a boarding-house on Thirty-eighth street."

"Your folks board, then?"

"I've only got a mother, and she is living at Pugwash."

"Pugwash! Where's that?"

"On the eastern shore of Maryland."

"What, away down there? Is that where you came from?"

"Yes."

"What put it into your head to come to Wall Street?"

"I guessed it was a good place to make money."

"It's a fine place to lose money."

"Somebody wins it."

"The brokers and the speculators on the inside. Have you got any money that you don't want to use right away?"

"I've got \$100 I put in the savings bank down the street."

"That note you have in your hand, which you have been carrying around on the sole of your shoe, is a tip."

"A tip!"

"A pointer on a stock. The man whose initials are attached to it is manager, probably, of some clique or syndicate that is going to corner the stock he has directed G——, who is a broker, to buy every share of he can find. If you can find out the name of the stock you can double your \$100 by buying ten shares of it on a ten per cent. margin at the little bank around the corner in Nassau street."

"How will I find out the name of the stock?"

"It will be rather difficult for you, as you don't know the ropes. The only chance to find it out would be to watch Broker Grant when he's at the Stock Exchange and see if he is buying steadily of one stock. I take it for granted that Grant is the man the note was intended for."

"Then I ought to take it to him."

"It isn't worth while. He has communicated with the writer by this time, for the boy who fetched the note reported that it fell out of his hand when you and he ran into one another. From your story the boy believes you pinched the note to get him into trouble, and I'll bet he's told Grant so. If you carry the soiled note back, and explain the matter, you won't be believed. So the easiest way out of the matter is to tear it up and forget about it. I'll see if I can learn the name of the stock. If I do, I'll let you know, and we'll both go in on the deal and make a stake."

The two boys walked up Nassau street together, for Martin was off for the day, and Jimmy's new friend took him into the little bank to show him the place.

It was close to four, and the establishment was on the point of shutting up, for no business was done with customers after that hour.

There was a large blackboard at the end of the big room.

It was covered with the afternoon quotations, the last of which had been chalked up at three, when the exchanges stopped for the day.

Brad explained the meaning of the abbreviation at the top of each column, each of which stood for the name of some listed stock.

There were still two or three habitués standing around smoking and talking.

They were people who made the waiting-room of the little bank their stamping ground as long as they were allowed to stay there.

On their way up Nassau street, Brad explained the method of speculation in stocks, and told Jimmy that he had made a number of winnings himself, though not having much money to put up, he had not done as well as he might have done.

Jimmy was much interested in all Brad told him, and paid close attention to him, for he thought it was a fine thing to make money out of the market.

Brad only told him the sunny side of the game.

The other side Jimmy learned himself later.

The boys separated at the Brooklyn Bridge, Brad taking a trolley car across to Brooklyn, where he lived, while Jimmy, after hanging around City Hall Park for half an hour, boarded a Broadway car and was carried uptown to within a block or two of his boarding-house.

CHAPTER III.

A COMMOTION IN THE OFFICE.

Jimmy appeared at the office at ten minutes of nine.

As he had not yet been provided with a key, he had to wait till the clerk who carried the key showed up.

He appeared five minutes later.

He was the margin clerk, and his name was Charley Yost.

He had formerly been the office boy, but had graduated from that position two years since.

"You're the new boy the cashier told me was starting in to-day?"

"Yes," replied Jimmy.

"Well, here's the key. You'll carry it after this and open up. Your name is James Oliver?"

"Jimmy Oliver," said the new boy.

"All right, Jimmy. The first thing you have to do every morning is to pick up the mail you will find lying inside this door. See, there is a bunch of it this morning. Gather it up and take it into the boss' room, pull out the slide on one side of his desk and place the mail on it. He will look it over when he comes down. He generally gets here at half-past nine. Attend to that now."

Jimmy carried the mail into the private-room, found the slide in the desk and left the mail on it.

The clerk then took him into the small wash-room and showed him the ink and mucilage bottles on a shelf.

"Take these and go around and fill the bottles on the desks," said Yost. "Don't spill the ink nor get the black ink in the red ink bottles."

"Sure not," said Jimmy.

While Jimmy was attending to this work the clerks came in one by one, followed by the stenographer, and finally the cashier.

The latter nodded to Jimmy, opened the big safe and handed out the books and papers to the clerks who came around to get them.

Jimmy was told to go outside and sit in a chair by the window till wanted.

There was a buzzer set on the wall behind the chair, and the new boy was informed that when it sounded the boss wanted him, and he was to answer at once.

The old man always came in by way of his private door, and he rang the buzzer this morning for Jimmy to help him off with his coat.

Jimmy went in when he heard the buzzer go off.

"Good-morning, Mr. Kitson," he said, cheerfully.

Old Kitson liked his manner, and unbent so far as to say good-morning, which was not usual with him.

"Help me off with my coat and hang it with my hat in the closet," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, proceeding to do so.

"What time did you get here?"

"Ten minutes of nine."

"You can go," said the broker, throwing up his desk and beginning on the mail.

Fifteen minutes later the buzzer hummed again.

"Send Miss Cady in," said the old man, when Jimmy answered the call.

As there was only one young lady in the office, the boy judged he wanted the stenographer, so he went to her desk and told her that the boss wanted her.

The girl smiled at him and said she would go right in.

Five minutes later the cashier called Jimmy to his desk.

"Here are some certificates of stock which I want you to take to Taylor & Co., in the Dexter Building and leave to be transferred. Know where the Dexter Building is?"

"No, but I'll find out," said Jimmy.

The cashier directed him and he went off on his first regular errand.

He came back in a reasonable time and handed the cashier a receipt for the stock, which he got from a clerk.

Soon afterward he was dispatched to a broker in the Johnston Building with a note which required an answer.

When he reached the office he was sent to, the broker was busy, and he had to wait till he was disengaged.

He only lost five minutes, which, however, he felt bound to report to the cashier, and was told that it wasn't necessary for him to report such things, as he was liable at any time to be delayed that way.

Several customers were in the room when Jimmy sat down.

He heard them talking about the rise of a certain stock, and he wondered if that was the stock referred to in the note he had carried about the afternoon before on the sole of his shoe.

While he was thinking about it the door opened and a middle-aged woman with an aggressive countenance came in.

She came up to Jimmy.

"I wish to see Mr. Kitson," she said. "He is in, I suppose?"

"I guess so, ma'am. What's your name?"

"Mrs. Pankhurst."

"What's your business, ma'am?"

"Never mind. Go in and announce me, young man."

"Take a seat, ma'am," said Jimmy, going in.

A lady outside named Pankhurst wants to see you," he said to the boss.

"Don't want to see her," said old Kitson, shortly.

"Shall I tell her that, sir?"

"Certainly not. Tell her I'm out at the Exchange."

Jimmy returned outside.

"Sorry, ma'am, you'll have to call again. Mr. Kitson is over at the Exchange."

"I know better," snapped the lady. "I'm going right in."

"Nobody is allowed in Mr. Kitson's room when he's out."

"Look here, young man, you needn't lie to me. He isn't out. He told you to tell me that because he doesn't want to see me. I am going to see him just the same," and she started for the door.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but you can't go in," said Jimmy, getting between her and the door.

"Stand out of my way," cried the lady, with fire in her eyes.

"Orders are orders, ma'am. You'll have to——"

Whack!

The visitor handed Jimmy a slap on the face that sent him spinning against one of the customers, and walked inside.

She didn't stay long, and when she came out, looking pretty mad, the buzzer rang and Jimmy answered it.

"Didn't I tell you not to let that woman in?" roared old Kitson.

"I tried to keep her out, but couldn't do it. She knocked me out of her way and walked in. If it had been a man I'd have punched him, but a woman—you can't treat them that way, sir. Look at my face where she hit me."

"She had no right to hit you. She's a nuisance, and I don't want her around the office. If she comes again, put her out."

"But if she won't go——"

"Get her out some way. If you let her get in here I'll have something to say to you. Now go."

Jimmy got along first rate that day.

He had no chance to eat till he was sent to the bank just before three with the day's deposits.

The cashier told him he could stop on the way back at a quick lunch house and get a bite.

He was glad to do this, for he was hungry.

At quarter of four he was told he could go home.

He found Brad Martin in the corridor waiting for him.

"How did you come out on your first day?" asked Brad.

"All right," replied Jimmy.

"How do you like old Kitson?"

"I've got no fault to find with him."

"Wait till you've been with him a while. He's the toughest proposition in the Street. He hasn't been able to keep a boy. Had six during the last year."

"I'll have to put up with him, for I've been recommended to him by three of his Pugwash friends, and they wouldn't do a thing to me if I quit him."

"He's acquainted in Pugwash, then?"

"I bet you he is. His sister is married to the postmaster, Mr. Nickleby."

"That's news to me. Well, you've got your work cut out for you. I wish you luck, but I wouldn't want your job. By the way, I've found out that Grant is the man that note was intended for."

"I supposed he was. Did you find out the name of the stock?"

"I think I did, but I'm not sure about it yet. I can tell you better to-morrow after I have watched Grant a while longer."

Jimmy then remembered the trouble he had had with the lady visitor that morning, and told Brad about it.

"Mr. Kitson says that if I let her in again he'll have something to say to me. How in thunder am I going to keep her out? She's a pugilistic old ram, and you can't treat a woman as you would a man."

"I had trouble with a woman like her once, but I fixed her."

"How?"

Brad told him, and Jimmy grinned.

"I might get into trouble with the boss if I tried that," he said.

"Not if it worked all right. He wants to get rid of her, and I don't blame him. Women are hard losers, and ought to stay away from Wall Street."

The boys went to the bridge together and separated.

They came together again next day after they were through

work, and then Brad told Jimmy that he was satisfied the name of the stock was A. & B.

"It's selling at 88, and it is pretty certain to go up to par, maybe higher. You draw out your \$100 to-morrow. I'll have \$100. I'll work the deal, for I know just how to handle it. I'll buy 20 shares. If it goes up ten points we'll about double our money. That will suit you, won't it?"

"Bet your life it will. Why not?"

"That's what I thought. It might go up to 105, but it isn't safe to take too many chances in the market. The people who want to make too much are the ones who get left."

"All right, Brad. I'll have the money for you around noon if I get the chance to run down to the bank. I'll take it in to you, and then you can go ahead."

Jimmy managed to find the chance next morning to get the \$100, for he was hot after the opportunity he saw for doubling it, and he handed it to Brad.

When he met his new friend later, Brad told him he had bought the stock and showed him the slip from the little bank.

Next morning when Jimmy came back from an errand he met Mrs. Pankhurst on her way to the office.

He hurried by her and was in his chair when she entered.

She wanted to see the broker, of course, and though the old man was in at the time, Jimmy told her he was out.

"He'll be back soon. Take a seat," he said.

The woman looked at him suspiciously.

"I think you are lying, young man. I've a great mind to go in the room and find out for myself," she said.

"I won't stop you," replied the boy, taking something out of his pocket.

Jimmy took a chance on her taking him at his word, but he felt sure if he opposed her she would go in anyway.

"I'll give you the benefit of the doubt," she said, sitting down. "I'll wait a reasonable time and see what happens."

Jimmy said nothing, but waited till the lady opened her bag to get out her handkerchief, then he bent down and put what he held in his hand on the floor.

It was a mechanical mouse, and was so like the natural article that it would have deceived a cat.

Heading the mouse for the lady visitor, he touched a spring and let it go.

It went a couple of feet across the floor and stopped for a moment, then continued on and stopped again.

Mrs. Pankhurst, however, didn't notice it, and Jimmy was about to call her attention to it when the boss' door opened and the stenographer came out.

She saw the mouse right away, and with a little shriek started to run.

Unfortunately, somebody had dropped a small piece of lead pencil on the floor, and Miss Cady stepped on it.

It acted like a roller skate.

She slid a yard and landed all in a heap.

The shock, coupled with the presence of the mouse, brought a succession of shrieks from her lips.

Jimmy, thinking she was hurt, rushed to her aid.

The counting-room was startled, and the clerks came running out to see what had happened.

It was then that Mrs. Pankhurst saw the mouse almost at her feet.

With a yell she sprang up and made a break for the door.

It opened just as she reached it, and a stout gentleman came in.

"Help! Help!" shrieked the visitor, throwing her arms about his neck as he staggered back from the shock of the collision.

Naturally, the uproar brought old Kitson to his door, and he fairly gasped at the appearance of things in the waiting-room.

CHAPTER IV.

JIMMY'S FIRST HAUL IN THE MARKET.

Miss Cady had fainted and lay in Jimmy's arms.

Mrs. Pankhurst was struggling and kicking in the doorway, while she hung on to the stout man like a drowning person to a plank.

The clerks all looked excited.

As for the cause of the scene, it had disappeared under the chair vacated so expeditiously by the visitor, and was trying to find a way through the footboard.

"What's happened?" ejaculated old Kitson. "What's the matter with Miss Cady?"

"Had a fall, sir, and fainted," replied Jimmy.

"What's the matter with that woman at the door? Is she crazy?" said Kitson.

"That's Mrs. Pankhurst. She called to see you. I told her you were out, and she was waiting for you to get back when Miss Cady came out of your room and took her tumble. She jumped up with a yell and started for the door, where she met that gentleman and grabbed him," said Jimmy.

At this point a clerk brought a glass of water and began sprinkling the stenographer's face to bring her to.

The stout gentleman succeeded in detaching himself from the lady visitor, who fled for the elevator, to the astonishment of the people in the corridor who had come out from the adjacent offices on hearing the screams and the rumpus.

Brad Martin pushed his way into Kitson's office, eager to learn what had happened, and several clerks followed him.

As Miss Cady did not respond to the water treatment, Brad was asked to fetch his boss' stenographer in to attend to her. She had some smelling salts and brought it with her.

While attention was centered on her efforts to bring the girl to, Jimmy looked for his mechanical mouse, and found it with the mechanism run down.

He dropped it into Brad's pocket, for he was afraid if the truth became known that he would be fired by the old broker.

When Miss Cady came to her senses she explained that she had seen a mouse, and fallen while trying to get away from it.

Kitson gasped at that, for he had never heard of a mouse in an office building.

"Ridiculous!" he said. "How could there be a mouse in this office?"

"But I saw it," the girl insisted.

Kitson gave a snort and started to return to his room, when he stepped on the piece of pencil which had floored his stenographer.

His foot slipped from under him, and down he came with a shock that would have shaken the room if it hadn't been practically unshakable.

Jimmy rushed and helped him up.

"What in the name of heaven is the matter with this place?" spluttered the broker.

"You must have slipped on this bit of pencil," said Jimmy, picking it up.

"Throw it out of the window," roared Kitson, who hated to be made to look foolish.

Jimmy obeyed orders, and things quieted down.

After the stout gentleman had his interview with the old man and had gone, the buzzer hummed and the boy went inside to see what the boss wanted.

"How long was Mrs. Pankhurst outside?" asked Kitson.

"About ten minutes," replied Jimmy.

"You say Miss Cady's fall started her?"

"She made for the door the moment Miss Cady started to run, and fell."

"Where were you at the time?"

"In my chair."

"Did you see anything on the floor that looked like a mouse?"

"Yes, sir, there was something," admitted Jimmy, reluctantly.

"What was it?"

"Well, sir, I suppose I'll have to tell the truth, no matter what happens."

"What do you mean?"

Jimmy made a clean breast of his trick to get rid of the unwelcome visitor.

"So you were at the bottom of the business, eh?"

"It wasn't my fault that Miss Cady came out of your room at the wrong moment. I guess she slipped on the same piece of pencil you did, and that frightened her as bad as the mouse."

"Let me see that mouse."

"I haven't got it now. I thought it was best to get rid of it."

"Well, don't work any more tricks like that in this office. You can go."

And Jimmy got out, glad to escape so easily.

When he met Brad that afternoon, Jimmy told him the full particulars of the trick he had played on Mrs. Pankhurst, which had led to such unexpected results.

Brad grinned like a famished hyena.

"You aroused half the corridor," he chuckled. "Mrs. P. can yell like a house afire when she gets started. Does Miss Cady know that you were at the bottom of the whole thing?"

"No, nobody in the office knows but the boss."

"Did you tell him?"

"I did, for I wouldn't lie to save my bacon."

"How did he take it?"

"He told me not to do anything like it again."

"Didn't he go for your scalp at all?"

"No. I guess he was glad I got rid of Mrs. Pankhurst."

"Here's your mouse. You might have some fun with it at your boarding-house."

"Rather risky. The landlady might tell me to move, and I like the place pretty well. How is that stock? Has it gone up any to-day?"

"Yes, half a point. Why don't you keep track of it when you go to the Exchange?"

"I haven't got the hang of reading the quotations yet?"

"Then you'd better study the daily market report. The stock is A. & B."

Jimmy said he would, and shortly afterward started up-town.

That evening at the table he showed the mechanical mouse and told the story of the riot it had raised in the office.

The boarders laughed heartily, and all of them examined the mouse with much interest.

"Upon me word, Oliver, you are quite a practical joker," said a young Englishman who was clerking in a haberdashery on Sixth avenue.

"It was just a trick to get rid of a visitor we don't want around the office," replied Jimmy, pocketing the toy.

"Really, I think it was a shame to frighten the lady so," smiled one of the female boarders.

"It was," admitted Jimmy; "but if I hadn't got rid of her the boss would have read the riot act to me."

"Aren't ladies welcome at your office?" said a bleached blonde, who was connected with one of the theaters in the capacity of a chorus lady.

"Yes, if they don't put up a squeal when they lose on a deal."

"But nobody likes to lose money when they are expecting to win."

"People who can't afford to lose their money ought to keep away from Wall Street."

"You say that as though one had little chance to win."

"Some people haven't the luck to win. They oughtn't to gamble."

"Do you call buying and selling stocks gambling?"

"It's a game of chance."

"So is marriage a game of chance," remarked a male boarder.

The ladies all took exception to his remark, and an argument on the subject took place, during which Jimmy finished his dinner and left the table.

During the week that followed Jimmy had the satisfaction of seeing A. & B. go higher every day.

It reached par and bounded up to 105 and a fraction before Brad got a chance to sell out, with the result that he and Jimmy cleared \$170 each.

Jimmy was tickled to death over the result of the deal.

It seemed just like finding money.

He intended writing his mother about his luck, but was dissuaded by Brad.

"Don't you do it," he said. "She'll tell everybody she knows, and one of your boss' friends might write him about it, and Kitson would haul you over the coals."

"Why would he?" said Jimmy.

"Because it's against the rules for Wall Street employees to speculate."

"Is that so? Would I get fired if Kitson found out about this deal?"

"No, I guess not, but you'd get a calling down and told not to do it again."

"Your boss hasn't found out that you speculate?"

"No. I take good care that he doesn't learn about it."

"I'm worth \$300 now. More than I ever had in my life before."

"You mustn't get gay with it and think you can win every time you tackle a deal. You want to feel pretty sure that a stock is going up before you get in on it. I keep track of all the best stocks from day to day. When they're lower than usual I pick one out and see how it will come out. Generally I win something, though I sometimes lose or come out even after paying the commission and small interest charge."

Every day almost after that Jimmy picked up additional points from Brad, for he was anxious to get the run of the speculative game.

The money-making bug was buzzing in his head, and the easy way he had made the \$170 impressed him with the idea

that a person had only to speculate in the right way in Wall Street to get rich.

His mother was a widow who kept a small millinery and fancy goods store in Pugwash.

She did pretty well, for she had a fair trade.

Nevertheless, she couldn't lay a great deal by against a rainy day.

Jimmy thought the world of her, and his eagerness to make money was born of a desire to add to her savings so as to put her on the sunny side of the street.

He would have sent her a part of his winnings in the A. & B. deal, but as he knew he would have to explain that it was not part of the money she had given him when he started for New York, he was deterred by Brad's warning.

In the letter he wrote her after his success, he hinted that Wall Street boys frequently made money in addition to their wages through tips and other ways which he did not specify, and that he expected to make extra money that way himself.

CHAPTER V.

HOW JIMMY GOT ON WITH HIS BOSS.

Three months passed away and Jimmy had become a full-fledged messenger in every respect.

His short stature, which made him look younger than he was, his cheeky ways, as well as his general good nature, gave him a favorable introduction to the other lads, and he got on very well with them.

They referred to him as "Old Kitson's Kid."

Broker Kitson enjoyed a hard reputation with the messenger bunch because he could not keep a boy long in his service.

Every boy who had worked for him for the last year and a half was never tired of telling what an old crank he was.

Jimmy was the first lad who failed to follow their example, although he had a run-in with his boss two or three times a week.

The fact was Jimmy got satisfaction out of Kitson himself, for he was as independent as a hog on ice as soon as he found he was making good.

Instead of sulking like the other boys when they felt that the old man was sitting on their neck without cause, Jimmy took his call-downs with the utmost cheerfulness, and went on about his business as if nothing had happened.

This gradually made him solid with the old man after the scrap was over, though while it was in progress Kitson was mad enough to throw him out of the window.

The other messengers couldn't understand how Jimmy had worked three months for old Kitson without squealing about his treatment.

Some of them began to think the broker was not as bad as his previous boys had painted him.

On being twitted on the subject, Jimmy insisted that old Kitson was all right if you knew how to take him.

They declared he was the first one who managed to get on with the broker.

One morning Jimmy admitted a man his boss didn't want to see, and old Kitson went for his scalp after the man had gone away.

"You didn't tell me to keep him out," answered Jimmy.

"You had no right to let him in without first asking me if I wanted to see him."

"All right. I'll know better next time," said Jimmy, in his cheerful way.

"Bah! You don't know enough to last you over night."

"That's right, but I'm learning something new every day."

"Some new mischief. I thought I could make something out of you, but you're thicker than a London fog."

"Wait a moment, sir, till I put that down in my book."

Jimmy pulled out his memorandum book and pretended to write in it.

"What in thunder are you up to now?" roared the old man.

"Taking note of what you said—that I was thicker than a London fog."

Kitson fairly boiled over.

"Get out of here. You're discharged."

"What will you do without a messenger for the rest of the day?"

"None of your infernal business. Get out of the office!"

"Yes, sir," and Jimmy walked out and sat down.

Ten minutes later his buzzer went off.

He walked in as sprightly as ever.

"Ain't you gone yet?" snorted the old man.

"No, sir. I wouldn't leave you for a gold mine. I consider your interests of too much importance to leave you in the lurch."

"Confound your impertinence! I've a good mind to—here, take this note down to my wine merchant on Beaver street. If you aren't back in fifteen minutes——"

"Yes, sir. Any answer?"

"No!" howled the broker. "Get out."

Jimmy hurried away, chuckling to himself.

"The old man is as good as a show. I'll bet he and I would make a hit in vaudeville. He didn't mean to fire me no more than the man in the moon. I'll bet that's the way some of the other boys lost their job. They took him at his word and left. Gee! I wonder where he got his disposition? It's something wild and terrible, but it doesn't ruffle me worth a cent. In fact, I'm getting to like it. If he were to quit bawling at me I'd feel like a fish out of water."

Jimmy reached the wine merchant's and handed the note to the proprietor, who happened to be the first person he met in the store.

"Hold on," said the gentleman.

"No answer, sir," said Jimmy.

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Kitson said so."

"Never mind what he said. Wait."

"I have to be back in fifteen minutes or I'll catch it."

"Tell him I kept you."

"That won't go with him. I'll wait, anyway."

The wine merchant read the note and said he was out of the particular goods asked for, and he would send word back to that effect.

Jimmy carried back his reply and handed it to his boss.

"What's this for?" demanded Kitson.

"A note from the wine man."

The broker tore it open and read it.

He wasn't pleased, for he wanted the wine that evening.

"Go back and tell him to get it for me and deliver it at my house to-night or I'll get a new wine merchant."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

He rushed out to the stenographer.

"I want you to write something for the boss, quick!" he said.

Miss Cady placed a letter-head on the machine, and Jimmy dictated the old man's words.

"Envelope, please," said Jimmy.

He got it and hurried back into the private room.

"Sign that, sir, and I'll take it down to the man," he said.

"What in thunder——"

"Yes, sir. Just slap your John Hancock under Yours truly, and I'll be off."

Kitson blew off like a mad bull.

"Who told you to dictate this thing?"

"I did it to save your time."

"You're discharged! Get out of my office!"

"Yes, sir. That's all right. Just sign that and I'll finish the errand, then I'll gather in my wages and go back to Pugwash. Mr. Nickleby will lather the back off me, but I can't help that. I'll suffer in a good cause."

The old man grew purple in the face.

"You seem to think you're running this office," he snorted.

"No, sir. Just working for your interest, that's all."

At that moment the cashier came in.

Kitson looked up, then signed the note, flung it at Jimmy, and told him to get out.

Twenty minutes later the boy was back and seated in his chair as if nothing had happened.

Old Kitson came out and passed through into the counting-room.

He had discharged Jimmy twice that day and had forgotten all about it.

Jimmy hadn't forgotten, but he wasn't worrying over trifles. He believed he had the boss' number, so to speak, and he looked as serene as a summer morn.

Had Jimmy actually left him, the old man would have been hopping mad.

He'd have sent half the office force out looking for him, with orders to bring him back by main force.

Old Kitson never had a boy who set him off quicker than Jimmy, but it pleased him to howl at the boy, and he wouldn't have felt happy without him.

On the following day when Jimmy returned from an errand, he rushed into Kitson's room with a special message he had got from a broker who met him on the street.

The broker wasn't in, but to the boy's surprise the man Kitson didn't want to see was in there waiting for the old man to show up.

Jimmy had strict orders to let nobody in the private room when his boss was out.

The margin clerk, who attended to visitors when Jimmy was out, had similar instructions.

Apparently the man had gone in unobserved of his own accord.

If the party had been a stranger, anybody, in fact, but the person who was installed there, Jimmy would have politely asked him to go into the outer room, explaining why he wanted him to do so; but it was different in the present case.

Jimmy was sore on him because of the call-down he had received on his account the previous day.

Besides, he knew Kitson didn't want to see the visitor.

"Here, what are you doing in here?" he said to the man.

"Waiting to see Mr. Kitson."

"Well, this isn't the waiting-room. Just remove yourself, please."

The man grinned and made no attempt to leave his seat.

"Say, are you deaf?" said Jimmy. "Chase yourself outside, and do it quickly."

"I'm very comfortable here," replied the man.

"Do you refuse to go?" said Jimmy.

The man grinned tantalizingly at the four-foot office boy.

He didn't calculate that Jimmy would or could do anything. But that's where he made a mistake.

The boy felt that he represented Kitson in that room, and he didn't propose to take any guff from anybody.

And he proceeded to act on that idea.

Quick as a wink Jimmy snatched up the waste paper basket and jammed it down over the visitor's head, who threw up his arms in dismay.

Just then old Kitson entered the office.

"Here, what are you doing, Jimmy?" he said, starting forward.

"Trying to put a little sense in this chap's head," replied the boy, holding the man down in the chair in spite of his struggles.

"Confound it, Jimmy——" cried the broker, angrily.

"This is the man I let in to see you yesterday, and you gave me a wiggling for doing it. You said you didn't want to see him."

"How came he in here, then?"

"I couldn't tell you. Walked in, I suppose. I found him here when I came back from the errand you sent me on. Shall I throw him out?"

"Never mind. Let him go. I'll attend to him."

Jimmy removed the basket and then handed the old man the note he had brought him, telling him who he got it from.

Then he started to pick up the papers that littered the floor, paying no attention to the angry remarks of his victim.

He was satisfied, for he had scored his point, and he didn't care two cents for the visitor's feelings, nor what the man said to him.

As soon as he had recovered all the scraps, he returned to his chair outside, feeling he had something new to tell his friend Brad when he met him later.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOLD-UP.

In spite of the fact that Jimmy had an expectant eye on the market, he had not yet ventured to make a deal on his own hook.

He believed he knew the ropes pretty near as well as his friend Brad, but on the two occasions he started to buy a stock the price dropped each time before he could get to the little bank.

This, of course, was lucky, for he would have lost money had he bought.

Jimmy found it was not so easy to attend to his boss' business and think of something else at the same time.

As he regarded Mr. Kitson's interests as paramount to his own, which was proper that he should, the \$170 Brad had made for him represented the sum total of his winnings up to the present time.

However, his opportunity came when he saw D. & L. going up, and heard people talking about the rise.

He told Brad that he was going to buy 20 shares of it, and suggested that he get in on it, too.

But Brad was interested in a mining stock at the time, and couldn't touch it.

So Jimmy went in alone, buying the 20 shares at 120.

After that he watched the blackboard at the Exchange when he went there, and sometimes got a glimpse of the ticker in the office during the day.

At the end of the week the stock was up to 125.

On Monday it jumped to 128.

Brad told him he'd better sell out, for he didn't think it would go much higher.

"It's only a spurt, and is liable to peter out any moment," he said.

Having more confidence in Brad's judgment than his own, he sold, and when the little bank settled with him he found himself \$150 richer.

Summer came on, and from the middle of June till the first week in September, old Kitson, who was a widower, and lived at a bachelor apartment house on Park avenue, moved his trunk down to a quiet little Long Island village on the Sound, and only came to New York two or three times a week, or not at all if the market was dead slow and there was no business doing.

This gave Jimmy a relief from the bullyragging he got so often from the boss.

One Friday old Kitson surprised the boy by inviting him to come down to the village on the next afternoon and stay over till Monday morning at the hotel where he was stopping.

Jimmy accepted the invitation like a bird.

"The station is three miles from the village," said the old man, as he shut up his desk; "but there is a stage that meets the train, and you can take that."

"Yes, sir; but I wouldn't care if I had to walk. Three miles isn't far along a good road," replied the boy.

"There will be no need for you to walk. The stage has to meet the train, and you'll find it there when you get off the car."

Jimmy told his boarding missus that evening he would be away until Monday night.

She asked him where he was going, and he told her.

"I suppose you'll get a regular vacation soon, won't you?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am; I expect to get a week. Everybody in the office gets a week or two. I haven't heard anything about mine yet."

Jimmy took the two o'clock train next day from the Long Island Depot, and about four reached the station he was bound for.

There were several automobiles and an old-fashioned yellow stage ranged along the back platform.

Jimmy elected to ride with the driver, and climbed up on the box seat.

The jehu, who wore a straw hat and a country look, soon appeared with a mail-bag that appeared to be quite bulky.

He shoved it under the seat and went back and got a box, secured by a padlock, containing express matter.

He then collected a quarter from the two inside passengers, and a third quarter from Jimmy.

After passing a few words with the station agent he got on the box and started his rig.

"Where are you going, young man?" he asked Jimmy.

"To Fairhaven," said the Wall Street lad.

"So I supposed, but whereabouts in Fairhaven?"

"The hotel."

"The inn, you mean. Your folks stopping there?"

"No. My boss is stopping there."

"You're going down on business, then?"

"No, I'm going down to stay till Monday morning."

"With your boss?"

"Yes."

"Very kind of your boss to invite you."

"Sure. He couldn't get along without me."

"Sho! You don't say. What business is he in?"

"Stock brokerage."

"He's one of them Wall Street men, eh? Is he a bull or a bear?"

"Yes, I think he is," said Jimmy.

"What's that?" said the driver.

"I said I thought he was."

"Was what?"

"What you asked."

"I asked you if he was a bull or a bear. Now, which is he?"

"Both. He acts like a bear most of the time, and bulldozes everybody in the office."

"Then he's a hard man to work for?"

"Yes, he's a rather difficult proposition."

"How long have you worked for him?"

"About five months, and he discharges me once a week on the average."

"Discharges you once a week!" gasped the driver.

"Yes. He fired me twice one day."

"I guess you're joking."

"No. It's a fact."

"If he discharged you as often as that, how is it you continue working for him?"

"Because I'm his right bower. He'd be lost without me."

"Then why should he discharge you?"

"Oh, that's his way. He doesn't mean for me to go."

"I never heard of such a thing before. He must be a curious kind of man."

"There are worse men than my boss. How often do you drive this stage between the village and the station every day?"

"Four times—twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon. I meet the west-bound train at eight o'clock and wait an hour for the train from New York. I meet the half-past eleven train next and wait for the noon train. The train you came on runs an hour earlier to-day than on other week days. I meet the last train for New York at nine o'clock."

"What sort of place is the village?"

"Quiet. There's a big novelty factory on the outskirts which employs fifty people, and receives a large mail every week day. Before it was put up there you wouldn't have known that the village was alive, except for three months in summer."

The stage jogged along in an easy way, the horses taking their own time.

The driver occasionally flicked them with the end of his whip in a lazy way and said "giddap," but the animals never increased their gait.

The surrounding country was cut up into small farms, and men were at work in nearly all the fields.

The road ran up a hill about a mile outside of the village, from the top of which Jimmy caught a sight of the Sound shimmering in the setting sun.

The village was also partly visible.

The driver pointed out the brick factory to him on the suburbs.

Any one would have guessed it was a factory from the tall chimney that rose through the roof of the engine-room on one side.

At the foot of the hill the road passed through a wood, where the light was subdued by the interlacing branches.

The vehicle was well through it when the driver uttered an ejaculation and reined in.

Across the road was stretched a stout rope which formed a barrier to further progress.

"What's that there for?" asked Jimmy.

"That's what I want to know," said the driver. "Hold the reins while I get down and investigate."

He stepped down and walked toward the rope.

Suddenly Jimmy saw a lasso shoot through the air toward the driver.

The loop settled down over his head and arms and was drawn taut.

In another moment the jehu was pulled off his feet and dragged toward the bushes, as though the line were attached to some moving object.

Jimmy stared at the extraordinary scene till the man disappeared, shouting and kicking.

"Gee! I wonder what's in the wind?" he thought. "That must be some kid joke on the driver. Maybe some of the village boys have accumulated a grouch against him and have taken this odd way to get square. I guess it's my duty to get down and help him out, though the fellows might hand it to me for interfering."

He tied the reins and was descending from the seat when the lasso came through the air again and settled over his shoulders.

In another moment Jimmy was pulled down into the dust and dragged off into the bushes with as little consideration as the driver had been treated.

As he was borne along he had a fleeting glimpse of the two astonished passengers getting out of the stage.

Jimmy was dragged up to a tree and tied to it by three boys whose faces were partly covered with home-made masks of black cloth.

He was gagged by his own handkerchief and left.

He saw two more boys, also masked, and the whole bunch pushed their way through the bushes into the road.

While two of them held the passengers up at the point of revolvers, the other three mounted the driver's seat and pitched down the mail pouch and the express box.

The leader of the bunch wore a red shirt, a cowboy hat, and had his pants stuck into the tops of his boots.

The whole business had a flavor of a wild Western hold-up.

The two inside passengers were rushed into the bushes and tied like Jimmy, the young rascals using the rope they had stretched across the road.

Their watches, money and jewelry were taken from them, and then the amateur bandits seized the mail-bag and the express box and made off into the woods, leaving their victims to get out of their predicament as best they could.

CHAPTER VII.

TIED UP IN THE WOOD.

The inside passengers were bound back to back to one tree, Jimmy to another out of sight of them, and the driver to a third further in the wood.

The stage remained standing in the middle of the road, the two horses showing no signs of impatience as time passed.

Jimmy did not take kindly to the treatment which had been handed out to him.

He was mad clear through over it.

Instead of the thing being a joke on the driver, it turned out to be a bona-fide hold-up.

The young rascals had taken the \$4 in bills and every bit of change he had in his pockets.

They had also deprived him of a \$1 watch and a 75-cent chain he wore.

He knew nothing about the robbery of the mail-bag and express box.

He learned about that later.

Jimmy tried his best to get free, but the boys had made a good job of it and he couldn't loosen his bonds at all.

Thus matters stood for perhaps twenty minutes, when an automobile, coming from the direction of the station, found its way blocked to some extent by the stalled stage.

The car slowed down and stopped, and the chauffeur got out to see what was holding the vehicle up.

He saw nobody around.

The door of the stage stood open, showing a couple of suitcases inside.

The driver's whip lay in the dust, but the driver himself was nowhere to be seen.

The man saw the two broad marks in the dust made by the bodies of the driver and Jimmy when they were dragged into the bushes by the lariat, and he wondered what had caused them.

He also saw that the dust was much trampled up, but no suspicion of what had happened entered his mind.

After waiting a few minutes for somebody to show up, he measured the roadside with his eyes, and calculated that if he steered carefully he could run his car around the stage.

He got in, accomplished the feat, and continued on to the village.

Half way there he met a farm boy driving a wagon in the direction of the wood.

He was going to call the boy's attention to the stalled stage, but figuring that the stage might be on its way by that time, he went past the wagon without saying anything.

So when the boy and the wagon got half way through the wood, the lad discovered the stage in the same position it had been from the first.

The boy stopped his horse and looked at the stage, wondering why it was standing there with nobody near it.

Expecting the driver, whom he knew, to show up, he waited.

At the end of five or six minutes he got tired, and, driving around the stage, went on.

Half an hour elapsed, by which time it was five o'clock, and the postmaster in the village was wondering why the stage was so long delayed, and matters had not altered in the wood.

Then a couple of trampish-looking individuals came that way.

They looked the stage over, looked in among the trees from the edge of the road, and they, too, wondered what was in the wind.

At the end of five minutes finding nobody appeared to be around, they grabbed the two suitcases and beat a retreat through the bushes.

They suddenly came face to face with Jimmy.

The sight of the boy, covered with dust, bound and gagged, rather astonished them.

"Looks kind of funny, doesn't it, Jim?" said one of them.

"Mighty funny, Bill," replied the other.

Jimmy made guttural noises behind the handkerchief, and kicked his legs, the only way he was able to ask them to release them.

The tramps, however, after a whispered consultation, in which they argued that the suitcases might belong to him, in which case he would claim them as soon as he was released, decided not to help him out of his scrape.

They simply grinned at him and pushed on through the wood in the same direction taken by the five amateur bandits.

Jimmy was disgusted, and could not see why the gentlemen of the road could not have released him just as well as not.

By this time the village postmaster had come to the conclusion that the stage had broken down on its way to the village, and he told his son to harness up his light rig and start for the station.

The man from the factory who always came for the mail had turned up and was surprised to learn that the mail-bag had not yet arrived.

He could only wait around till he got it.

As the factory closed on Saturday at three in the summer, the failure of the mail to reach the office on time cut no figure.

It wouldn't be handled till next day, when a clerk came to the office specially to go over it and enter the orders up so they could be filled right away on Monday morning.

About the time the postmaster's son left the village en route for the station, a couple of small boys from a farm in the neighborhood were returning from the Sound shore where they had been fishing from the rocks all afternoon.

They saw the two tramps seated on the ground examining the contents of the suitcases they had stolen.

They supposed the suitcases belonged to the men, and thought nothing about the matter.

As they approached the road, swinging the fish they had caught, they heard a pounding sound in the bushes, and wondering what caused it, they investigated and discovered the driver of the stage bound to a tree and gagged.

They knew him, and their eyes bulged on observing his predicament.

They lost no time in relieving him of the gag, and one of them got out his knife to free him.

"Who done this to you, Thompson?" asked the other.

"A bunch of young rascals, who lassoed me, dragged me in here and tied me to this tree," replied the driver.

"What did they do that for?"

"Rank mischief. I think they tied up my three passengers, too."

"And did they run off with the stage?"

"No, I heard them pushing their way through the woods after they had finished their rascality."

"Who were they? Village boys?"

"I don't know who they were. Their faces were hidden by black masks. The constable will get them, and the justice will give them a spell in the lock-up. The stage has been delayed here a couple of hours."

"Have you been tied here for two hours?" said the boy, who was cutting the rope as he completed the job of freeing the driver.

"Every minute of it. It must be six o'clock now. Come, let us look around for the passengers and set them free. I haven't heard a sound from them, so I guess they are gagged, too."

"Hasn't there been anybody along the road in two hours?"

"I heard an automobile come along and stop, but it went on toward the village in a few minutes. There was a wagon also, but whoever was in it didn't take the trouble to find out why the stage was at a standstill. Then two men came through the bushes, but they did not come my way," said the driver.

"There's one of your passengers, a boy tied to a tree yonder," said one of the lads.

"He's the chap that rode with me on the seat. Run and cut him free. Then look for the two men. I must go to the stage. Just think, the mail-bag and the express box has been unguarded these two hours."

The two youths hastened to Jimmy, and while one took the handkerchief from his mouth, the other cut the rope holding him to the tree.

"Thanks," said the Wall Street boy. "I've been tied up here a long time."

"So was the driver of the stage, to another tree. We just cut him loose," said one of the boys. "He told us that a bunch of boys disguised with masks played the trick."

"I don't see that it was a trick. They were young thieves, for they stole my watch and my money," said Jimmy.

"They did!" cried the two lads, much astonished.

Tying up the driver and his three passengers was a serious joke, but to steal on top of it was going the limit.

"Yes, they did. But let's look for the two men who came in the inside of the stage. They're tied somewhere near here, and I dare say they have been robbed, too."

At that moment the driver came tearing through the bushes in great excitement.

"Them rascals have carried off the mail-bag and the express box," he said. "I am in a nice pickle, for I'm responsible for both while under my care."

"They are a nice pack of rascals," said Jimmy. "Did they go through you and take your money?"

"No. They wouldn't have got much if they had. Did they take anything from you?"

"They took my watch and money," replied Jimmy. "What are you going to do about the mail? Maybe they only hid the pouch and the box in the bushes to give you the trouble of finding them."

That suggestion struck the driver as likely, for he could not conceive of boys actually stealing the U. S. mail as well as the express box.

Such a crime as that was sure to go hard with them as soon as they were caught, which he had no doubt they soon would be.

Before instituting a hunt for the bag and box, the other two passengers were hunted up and released.

One declared he had lost his gold watch, diamond stud and over \$50 in money, and the other had been cleaned out of all the valuables he had about him.

They were both as mad as they could be over the rough treatment they had experienced, as well as their loss, which left them stranded for the time being.

Just then the postmaster's son drove up and stopped in the road.

He saw the stage standing alone there, and he could not make out that there was anything the matter with it.

He shouted out Thompson's name, and the driver, followed by the others, walked to the road.

"What's the trouble?" asked the postmaster's son.

"Trouble!" roared the driver. "The stage was held up here two hours ago by a crowd of young ruffians, who made prisoners of us all, and tied us to trees in the wood. They robbed my three passengers on top of that, and to cap the climax they took the mail-bag and express box from under the seat, and have either hidden them or run off with them. If they were bad enough to rob my passengers they were bad enough to steal the mail and express matter."

The young man was aghast at the idea of the mail pouch having been stolen.

And by boys, too—it seemed incredible.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAVE IN THE ROCKS.

"Are you sure they were boys?" asked the postmaster's son. "It doesn't seem to me that boys would dare do such a thing."

"They were boys. If you doubt me, ask my passengers. They saw them," said the driver.

"We must hunt through the wood for the pouch and the box. This is a very serious matter. Most of the mail is addressed to the Fairhaven Novelty Co., and nearly every letter contains money or a postal order. There will be no end of trouble if the mail has been carried away and rifled. I don't see who these boys were. None of the village or farm lads would think of holding up the stage, much less robbing the passengers and stealing the mail and express matter."

"I haven't any idea who they were. There were five of them, and they didn't lose much time over the job. It looked like a planned thing," said Thompson.

All hands joined in the hunt for the mail pouch and express box, but after half an hour the men passengers quit in disgust and returned to the stage.

Then it was discovered that their suitcases were gone.

That was the last straw with them.

They set out at once to walk to the village, not quite a mile away, to report the facts to the constable.

In the meanwhile, old man Kitson, after looking for his office boy, came to the conclusion that he had missed the two o'clock train.

Then he learned that the stage had not come back from the

station, for some reason that no one could understand, unless it had broken down.

That being the case, the broker guessed that the boy was detained with the stage, and looked for him to show up at any moment.

It was growing dark when the stage finally landed Jimmy at the inn.

His clothes had been thoroughly dusted at the post-office, where the stage stopped first while Thompson told his story, corroborated by the young New Yorker.

Neither the mail pouch nor the express box had been discovered anywhere in the bushes, and the search had been given up.

It was now up to the village constable to do something, and that individual, after listening to the complaint of the two inside passengers of the stage, was preparing to take one of his assistants and start in search of the amateur bandits.

The two passengers proceeded to the inn to secure accommodation on credit, as they were completely stranded and were not acquainted in the place.

The constable had learned about the robbery of the mail pouch and express package from the two complainants, and he expected a visit from the postmaster or his son.

The latter called and told him he must get busy at once.

Thompson returned to the post-office after landing Jimmy at the inn, and there the constable found the driver and learned all the facts the man could furnish.

"There were five boys, and you say they made off toward the shore?" said the officer.

"Yes, they went in that direction," nodded the driver.

The constable decided that to catch five boys he needed extra help, so he asked the driver to go with him and his assistant.

The jehu agreed if the officers would give him the chance to run home for a hasty bite.

While the arrangements for the pursuit of the five boys were under way, Jimmy was eating supper with his boss and detailing his experiences at the hands of the amateur bandits.

They were out on the veranda of the inn when the constable and his party came along in his light wagon, bound for the wood which they intended to beat up in the direction of the Sound, hoping to catch the young rascals and recover the stolen property.

Along toward morning the party returned to the village without having found the slightest clew to the young bandits.

After breakfasting with the old man, Jimmy started out to explore the neighborhood along the Sound.

Jimmy liked the water, and before he left his native town of Pugwash it was his habit to spend more or less of his time sailing up and down the Chester River in the company of some boy friend.

He would liked to have hired a boat on this occasion and done a little cruising out on the Sound, which looked very inviting in the sunshine, but he had no money.

So he confined himself to a stroll along the shore.

The course he took brought him to the low cliffs to the west of Fairhaven village.

The tide was way out when he reached the rocks where the beach proper ended.

When the tide was low a narrow stretch of sand was exposed running the entire length of the cliffs.

It was a dangerous pathway unless one knew exactly the state of the tide.

If the tide was yet on the ebb it was safe enough, provided one did not linger; but if it was on the turn, a person who ventured out along the base of the cliffs was almost certain to be cut off from the end of the beach if he went far.

Jimmy did not stop to consider how the tide was, but started along the narrow strip of wet sand.

The tide, as it happened, was beginning to come in, and when it got going it swallowed up the pathway very fast.

Jimmy had made about a third of the distance before he noticed that the strip of beach was narrowing down and forcing him to walk closer to the rocky base.

A turn in the shore carried him into a rocky cove.

This was a sort of trap under the conditions Jimmy was facing, though to one as nimble as the Wall Street boy it was possible to get out of it by climbing the rocks.

Jimmy soon found that the incoming water prevented him from getting around the edge of the cove, so he was compelled to turn back.

Essaying to return, he found his retreat cut off in the same manner.

"I'm stuck," he thought. "The tide is coming in so fast that

I won't have standing room down here soon. I'll have to shin up the rocks."

Any one trapped by the tide in the cove need not have drowned.

There were several single rocks on which one could perch himself and wait several hours till the tide receded again.

Jimmy, however, did not care to sit for a considerable time marooned on a rock.

He preferred to take the more risky course of scaling the side of the cove.

There was no path, but plenty of foothold for a lad of nerve, and Jimmy was not wanting in that article.

He started up at once, and was soon half way to the top.

A projecting rock invited him to rest himself.

He straddled it and looked down at the water as it covered the last bit of sand, and then lapped the rocks.

He remained perched there fifteen or twenty minutes, and then continued upward, working around into a gaping crevice.

Here he found a ledge which widened to a shelf a couple of feet broad.

This appeared to lead right to the top with a gentle rise.

As he passed along he came upon the mouth of a small cave.

He looked into it and saw a number of envelopes strewn about.

It immediately struck him that the boy bandits had been there, perhaps were in there yet.

He determined to investigate.

The entrance to the place was very small, and Jimmy was forced to get down on his hands and knees in order to get in.

He was rather doubtful about the reception that awaited an intruder if the five young rascals were inside, but that did not deter him from venturing.

Turning his back on the sunshine, everything looked dark ahead of him.

That naturally placed him at a great disadvantage, for if an attack was made upon him he would not be able to see to defend himself.

However, he pushed forward and trusted to luck.

The entrance expanded into a small cave as black as the ace of spades to him.

He paused and waited for his eyes to grow accustomed to his surroundings.

Nothing had happened so far, and he began to think there was no one in the place.

He listened and he heard sounds of breathing, as if two or more persons were asleep ahead of him.

That satisfied him that the cave was occupied, and he was sure the boy bandits had taken refuge there.

Gradually he began to make out an indistinct object close to him.

He supposed it was one of the boys, though he heard no sound from it.

He crawled forward and cautiously stretched out his hand and touched it.

It did not feel like a human being, but seemed stiff and hard.

Feeling it with greater freedom, he discovered it was the mail pouch, lying against the wall.

He crawled closer and examined it with greater attention.

He found a long slit in it, into which he inserted his hand.

There seemed to be a number of papers in it, but not a letter.

There was a heap of envelopes, and their enclosures close by.

Jimmy was at no loss to understand that these represented rifled letters.

As he knew that two of the rascals had revolvers, he was for the moment at a loss how to proceed.

He had matches in his pocket, but to flash one was to run the risk of arousing the young villains.

Still he could do nothing without a light.

After waiting some minutes he ventured to light a match behind the pouch.

The blaze illuminated the cave with a dull glow.

He saw three of the boy bandits stretched out in various attitudes.

The other two were evidently away.

He was able to see their faces, which were no longer covered by masks.

One was that of a lad of fourteen or thereabouts, freckled and hard looking.

The other two were about eighteen, tanned, dirty and tough specimens, such as one might encounter in the slums of a great city.

Beside each of the big fellows lay a revolver.

Jimmy determined to get possession of them.

The match expired in his fingers, and all became dark again, darker than before.

He had located the position of the weapons, and of the boys, and he did not need to strike another match in order to proceed.

He crawled carefully among the sleepers, and the guns were soon in his hands.

Drawing back, he stuffed one of them in his pocket and held the other ready for use.

He had spotted the express box, but while it was badly dented by the rocks that lay beside it, it seemed to have resisted the efforts of the young thieves to open it.

After a time Jimmy lighted another match.

With the light he looked the pile of rifled letters over, and found a lot of money orders scattered through it.

These being of no value to the boy crooks, they had rejected them.

As soon as the match went out Jimmy began shoving the envelopes, money orders and enclosures into the pouch through the slit.

As soon as he had got all he could feel in, he lighted a third match to see if he had missed any.

He found there were quite a number about the cave.

He got as many of these as he could, and then dragging the pouch carefully after him, he backed toward the entrance.

He had not got but a foot or two when he heard voices outside.

"The other two have returned and I'm caught," he thought.

"Never mind. I've got the guns and I'll put up a fight. Somebody is likely to get hurt before I'm through, and I may be one if they have another gun, but I guess the surprise they'll get will give me all the advantage I need."

He crawled behind the pouch and awaited developments

CHAPTER IX.

JIMMY CAPTURES THE BOY BANDITS.

Jimmy didn't have long to wait.

The light at the entrance was obstructed by a crawling object.

The object pushed a bundle before him.

A second object followed.

"Wake up, you fellers!" cried the foremost newcomer, "and strike a glim. We've brought the grub."

The sleepers were aroused, and one of them said:

"Is that you, cap'n?"

"Yep. Who'd you s'pose it was? Me and Swipsey have col-lared a swell feed. We went t'rough a house we was watchin' as soon as the people started for church. One of the men who works on the place was around the yard, but we played off we was tramps, and when he ordered us away we jumped and knocked him silly with a stone. Then we tied him up, gagged him and dragged him into the house. We then went t'rough the pantry and took everythin' wort' eatin'. There's a hull chicken as big as a turkey, ready cooked for dinner, a meat pie, t'ree loaves of bread, a pot of butter, and plenty udder t'ings. We'll have a reg'lar feast. Come on now, and strike a light so we kin see where our mout's arc," said the leader of the band.

A match was struck and a place of candle lighted.

The boys were so intent on the prospective meal that they did not notice the disappearance of the pile of mail matter, nor the fact that the pouch was not in the place where they had thrown it.

Neither did they see Jimmy's legs sticking from behind the mail-bag.

This was not remarkable, for the candle gave out but a meager light, and their bodies kept its rays from illuminating the walls.

The two bundles of eatables were opened, and the five amateur bandits proceeded to satisfy their hunger, without the least suspicion that they were being observed by an uninvited sixth party.

Jimmy lay very still, thinking how he could capture the whole bunch and hand them over to the authorities of the village.

He knew it would be quite a feather in his cap if he could pull off the trick.

He had decided on his line of action, which was to withdraw backwards, holding the bunch at bay with the revolver in his hand and then mount guard outside the entrance and keep the rascals in the cave until some one came that way, or he could

attract attention by shooting off the second revolver, when the leader of the crowd said:

"You kin hand me my gun now, Snorkey."

Snorkey put his hand in his pocket, and not finding it there, looked on the ground for it.

Of course he didn't see it, for Jimmy had it.

That put the other chap in mind of his gun, and he couldn't find it either.

The disappearance of the guns was the cause of not a little consternation, and the whole party jumped up to look for them.

Jimmy thought it was a good time to back out, and he started to do it.

The noise he made, however, attracted the attention of the gang.

The leader grabbed the candle and flashed the light toward the entrance.

Jimmy's retreating figure was seen.

"It's a boy. Catch him!" cried the leader.

Jimmy stopped, pulled out the other revolver, and pointed both at the bunch, and said in a resolute tone:

"Stop where you are and throw up your hands or I'll shoot you full of holes."

The sight of the pointed revolvers took all the starch out of the young crooks.

"Who are you?" faltered the leader, who was brave only when the advantage was all on his side.

"Who am I?" said Jimmy, gruffly. "I'm the sheriff of this county. You're all pinched."

"You're only a boy."

"I know it. I'm the boy sheriff. Where there are boy bandits around I am always on the job."

"We ain't done nothin'."

"Do you call holding up the stage-coach and robbing the passengers nothing, not to mention carrying off the mail pouch and the express box? You'll get a hundred years apiece for your work, and if you're alive at the end of that time you will probably be shot as an example to other boy bandits. The government always deals harder with boy bandits than any other kind, because they're more dangerous. Do you surrender? You'd better. Otherwise I might start to shoot, and as I have twelve bullets in these guns, you are likely to land in the morgue," said Jimmy.

"Don't shoot. We'll give up," said the frightened leader.

It was all very well for the young rascals to give up, for they were cowered by the revolvers and the bold front put up by Jimmy, but how was the Wall Street lad going to secure them?

That was a problem that flashed through Jimmy's alert brain.

He had them and he didn't have them.

As long as he held them at bay they were helpless, but he couldn't stay there indefinitely, for the chances of any one coming to his assistance seemed to be very small.

The only thing he could do was to back outside and order them out.

They could come out one by one, and then he would have to keep them from making a break for freedom.

It was exceedingly doubtful if he could do that.

If they attempted it he would have to shoot, and he didn't want to do that.

Then they might refuse to come out at all.

If they declined he couldn't make them.

In that case all he could do would be to mount guard outside and trust to luck.

He began backing out, ordering them to follow.

They did follow, for their pluck, if they had any of the real article, had evaporated under the intimidation of the revolvers.

Like many other people, their bravery was not proof against adversity.

The leader came first, and Jimmy, with his guns ready, ordered him to stand with his back against the rock.

The next chap, who was Snorkey, was ordered to stand beside him.

In a few minutes the five boys, looking decidedly crestfallen, were lined up beside each other.

"Now, then, step forward one step," said Jimmy.

They obeyed.

"Face up the path."

They turned and stood in single file.

"Put your hands on each other's shoulders."

This they did.

"I dare say you know what the lock-step is. Mark time—

left, right; left right. That's the ticket. Forward, march. Left, right; left, right. Keep that up. If you dare to break away I'll shoot, and if I kill any of you I won't be held responsible for it. Left, right; left, right."

Up the rest of the path they marched like a line of convicts, and Jimmy kept a sharp eye on them.

When they reached the top of the low cliffs, the village was in sight a mile away, with farms to the right and the Sound to the left.

The end of the wood in which the hold-up had taken place was close by.

Jimmy had no intention of taking his prisoners through it.

He saw he could reach the beach by going down the grassy slope behind the cliffs and turning to the left.

Having cleared the rocky path, he was able to maintain a better control over the bunch, for he could walk at an angle close behind them.

It was a strange sight to see those five boys doing the lock-step down that declivity with Jimmy bossing them, a revolver in each hand.

No one was around to see it, however.

The path to the beach was reached, and Jimmy ordered them to take it.

Reaching the shore they tramped slowly toward the village.

At the end of half a mile they came upon a number of private bath houses belonging to cottagers.

Several young fellows were taking a noonday bath.

They saw the astonishing procession, and emerged from the water to look at it.

If Jimmy had wanted help he could have got it now, but he didn't want it.

He had his prisoners thoroughly in hand.

They had thrown up the sponge and were as meek as though surrounded by officers of the law.

Jimmy himself felt like a Roman conqueror marching into the city with his captives tied to his chariot.

"What's all this?" asked one of the young men in his dripping bathing suit.

"These are the boy bandits who held up the stage yesterday afternoon in the woods and cleaned up everything, including myself," replied Jimmy, in a chipper tone. "I've nabbed them and I'm taking them to the lock-up. Got them well in hand, haven't I?"

The bathers were greatly astonished.

As the procession did not halt, they accompanied it.

"Who are you, young fellow?" said the first young man.

"I'm Jimmy Oliver, of Wall Street. My boss is stopping at the inn. His name is Hiram Kitson, and he's a stock-broker. I came down yesterday at his invitation to stay over Sunday, and I am having a great time of it," said Jimmy, with a grin.

"I know Kitson. He's your employer, is he?"

"You can gamble on it he is."

"And these boys are really the chaps who held up the stage?"

"There isn't any doubt about it."

"Where did you catch them?"

"In a cave up on the cliffs."

"You went out hunting for them when you heard that the constables had failed to find them?"

"No. I just found them by accident."

"How is it you have that pair of revolvers if you didn't fetch them with you to catch these fellows?"

"These revolvers I got away from these chaps."

"The dickens you did!" cried the young man. "Do you mean to say you were able to make them give up their guns and surrender to a little fellow like you?"

"I got the guns away from them without their knowing it. I played a march on them, that's how I got the upper hand of them."

"You're a peach."

"Bet your life I am. I'm a whole fruit orchard when I get down to business."

The bathers thought the lockstep squad was too funny for anything.

In fact, the whole business was the most unusual thing they had encountered for a long time.

They accompanied Jimmy and his prisoners half the distance to the village water front, where several ladies and gentlemen of the summer colony were met, and these looked at the procession in great surprise.

Then some of the villagers appeared and wanted to know what it all meant.

"Stand back, please!" cried Jimmy, authoritatively. "These

are prisoners on their way to the constable. Fall in behind if you want to learn the facts."

Jimmy had to keep a sharp eye out now.

He was afraid his prisoners might make a break as the crowd increased.

He determined to prevent that, for he wouldn't dare fire at them if they did try to escape, as he would be liable to hit a bystander.

When they reached the head of the little wharf he ordered the young crooks to halt.

Then he asked a spectator to borrow a long line to tie the amateur bandits with.

The line was procured of a boatman.

It was tied around the leader's waist, and then wound around each of the other four, while Jimmy kept them under his guns.

Putting one of the revolvers in his pocket, he took hold of the end of the line and ordered his bunch to step out as fast as they could.

Up the street the procession went, past the inn, where old Kitson sat on the veranda with another visitor, and looked his surprise on seeing his office boy in charge of the strange squad, and so on to the lock-up, which adjoined the constable's cottage, who was never before honored by the presence of five prisoners at the same time.

The constable and his day assistants were away hunting the five boys.

The officer's wife appeared on seeing the crowd.

The situation was explained to her, and she produced the keys of the two cells.

The young crooks were locked up, pending the constable's return, and Jimmy handed over the two revolvers, and told how he had caught the rascals.

The crowd listened, and when he finished they declared he was the smartest boy who had ever come to the village.

Jimmy then went to the postmaster's house and told that man his story.

"If you or your son will come with me I'll show you where the pouch and express box are," he said. "It has been cut open and all the letters have been opened and their contents taken out. Whatever was in them in the shape of money the rascals have in their clothes, and you'll be able to recover it. The money orders are in the pouch. The factory people will have the job of sorting everything out, but I guess they won't lose much."

The postmaster called his son and told him to harness up his wagon.

The three drove over to the cliffs and Jimmy showed them the cave which the boy bandits had used as a hiding place.

The mail-bag and the damaged express box were carried to the wagon and brought to the post-office.

Then one of the officers of the Novelty Company was sent for.

Jimmy did not wait for him to come.

He was hungry and wanted his dinner, and he rushed back to the inn.

Then it was that he surprised old Kitson by his story of his morning's adventure.

By that time the news was all over the village, and all the summer people had heard about it.

As a result Jimmy was the most talked about person in Fairhaven that afternoon.

CHAPTER X.

JIMMY STARTS FOR PUGWASH.

The two inside passengers interviewed Jimmy about their suitcases, money and other valuables.

"Your watches and money will probably be found on the boys when they are searched," replied Jimmy; "but your suitcases were not taken by the boys, I guess, for they were not in the cave. Two tramps passed me in the wood yesterday afternoon when I was tied to the tree. They saw my predicament, but would not help me out of it. I think they had your suitcases. At any rate, they had each a suitcase in his hand."

The passengers were not pleased to hear this, for when they heard that the five boys were captured they expected to recover all their stolen property.

Jimmy went with them to the lock-up where they found that the constable had just returned.

The postmaster and the manager of the Novelty Company were on hand.

The latter thanked Jimmy for his services in catching the boys, and said the company would reward him in some suitable way.

The young crooks were searched, and a bunch of money in silver and bills taken from them, together with the watches and other articles belonging to Jimmy and the two inside passengers.

The constable, however, refused to give anything up to the claimants, as he said it had to be held as evidence against the young thieves.

The manager of the Novelty Company received permission to take his letters from the post-office, but the postmaster was required to turn over the money orders as well as the slit mail-pouch and the express box.

Jimmy did not return to the city next morning by the first train as he had expected to do, as his presence was required at the examination of the prisoners before the justice.

There was a big crowd present at the justice's office when the prisoners were conducted there by the constable.

Only a small portion of the spectators were able to gain admission, as the office was not large enough to accommodate them.

The driver of the stage was the first witness.

Jimmy followed with his story of the hold-up, and finished with his story of the way he caught the boys.

This latter was listened to with much interest, although everybody had a general knowledge of the facts.

The two inside passengers wound up the testimony against the accused.

The prisoners had no defense to offer, and were duly remanded to the county seat to stand trial for their crime.

It was likely, though, that the government would take charge of the boys as soon as the postmaster had submitted his report.

The proceedings were hardly over when a farmhand came into the village with the stolen suitcases which he had found in the wood, the tramps having abandoned them after taking possession of most of their contents, and leaving their dirty linen in place of what they appropriated.

The passengers were glad to get their bags back, even in a rifled state, and as they were sure of ultimately recovering their watches and money, they felt their loss would not amount to much.

Old Kitson was quite proud of his office boy, for everybody he knew in the village complimented him on possessing such a smart boy.

He didn't express his satisfaction to Jimmy, because that wasn't his way.

Jimmy knew he was pleased, though he guessed that wouldn't prevent the old man from bullyragging him as much as ever when he came back to the city.

As soon as Jimmy had had his dinner he told his boss that he was ready to take the early afternoon train back to New York.

"It isn't worth while, for you wouldn't reach the office till it was time for you to go home," said old Kitson. "Go out and amuse yourself for the rest of the day, and start in the morning. I have telephoned Mr. Brown that you won't report till to-morrow."

"All right, sir," said Jimmy, quite pleased at the idea of remaining over.

On the following morning he took the first train and turned up at the office about half-past ten.

He told the cashier what had happened to the stage, and how he had, without help, captured the five young bandits.

Later he went over it again for Brad's benefit.

"Great smoke! You had a strenuous two days' vacation," said Brad. "If you hadn't gone down there on Saturday those lads would probably have got away with their plunder."

"I guess they would have been caught when a regular detective got on the job," replied Jimmy.

"How is it that the constable didn't smoke them out of that cave? They must have known the cave was there, and that it offered a safe retreat."

"I couldn't tell you. Constable Green was born and raised down in that neighborhood, and should know every foot of the ground for miles around."

"Those country cops are bum thief catchers. The village authorities ought to give you a vote of thanks, and the factory people should send you a present."

"The factory manager said the company would reward me in a suitable way."

"How much would those boys have got away with if they had escaped?"

"About five or six hundred dollars, counting what they took from the passengers."

"They could have had a swell time with all that money."

"I guess they would have been run down before they had spent much of it. If they had had any backbone I couldn't have collared them so easily."

"I should think the five of them could have jumped on you and downed you after they came out of the cave."

"They were afraid of the revolvers I had."

"Suppose they had attempted to down you, would you really have shot at them?"

"Would I? I certainly would. I would have shot every one of them to save myself, or even to prevent them escaping."

"But if you had killed a couple of them you'd have got into a lot of trouble. You had no authority to act as a policeman."

"Every person has a right to defend himself. If they could have got hold of me they would probably have thrown me down the rocks into the water, and that would have finished me. If I had to shoot, I meant to fire at their legs and disable them, but, of course, if they reached me I would have been obliged to shoot as best I could. I'm glad it ended without bloodshed."

Jimmy told the story at the boarding-house that evening, and the lady boarders declared he was quite a hero.

The young men who boarded at the house seemed to think that he magnified the adventure in order to blow his own horn.

They couldn't see how a small youth of Jimmy's age could accomplish so much.

Later they thought differently when old Kitson sent Jimmy the village paper containing all the facts, and he passed it around for the boarders to read.

About the same time Jimmy received a letter from the president of the Novelty Company, containing a vote of thanks by the directors and a check for \$250.

Next day Jimmy heard that L. & M. was being cornered on the quiet by a syndicate, and he bought 50 shares.

A week later the stock went up 17 points, and he cleared \$800.

Hardly had he collected his winnings when another boom developed in O. & H.

The brokers came rushing back from their summer resorts to take part in the unexpected busy state of the market.

Jimmy, carried away by his success in L. & M., went the whole hog on C. & H., buying 150 shares at 92.

There were no flies on this boom.

The price rushed up to 112 in three days, and produced a lot of excitement in the Street.

As it was August, and the weather was mighty warm, the brokers looked like wrecks at the end of the day's session in the board-room.

The clerks who worked for the traders were not pleased over the rush of business at that particular time.

The vacations of many of them were deferred till later, as their services could not be spared, and that made those clerks grouchy.

Jimmy had lots to do, and found it difficult to keep track of his deal.

For many days he was kept on the anxious seat, for he had every cent of his money up, and he knew a slump was liable to set in at any moment.

Finally he found the chance to sell out at an advance of 20 points, and that streak of luck added \$3,000 at one swoop to his small capital.

"Gee! I need only \$500 more to be worth \$5,000. I wonder what my mother would say if she heard about it. But I dare not write her, for as sure as I did the boss would learn through Mr. Nickleby, and then he would hand me out a terrible calling down," said Jimmy to himself.

A few days later the market slumped, bringing sorrow to lots of people who had failed to realize in time.

After that things remained dead in Wall Street till the summer was over.

"Jimmy," said old Kitson, on the last Friday of August, "you can have two weeks off, commencing with to-morrow morning. I suppose you will go down to Pugwash to see your mother. You have been six months away from home, and she will be glad to see you again."

"Yes, sir, I intend to run down to the old place. Much obliged for the favor. I only expected to get a week."

"Well, you've been a pretty good boy, all things considered, and as I don't think there will be much doing till the middle of September, I have decided to let you go for two weeks. The cashier will pay you three weeks' wages, and maybe you can buy your mother a small present."

"Yes, sir, I'd like to do that."

"Here's a letter I want you to take to my sister, Mrs. Nick-

leby, and here is a small package to give her also. Be careful of it, for it's worth about \$100."

"I'll look out for it and see that she gets it."

That evening Jimmy invested \$25 in a present for his mother.

He told his landlady that he was going on a fortnight's vacation, and was willing to pay her \$1.50 a week for his room if she would hold it for him.

"You needn't pay me anything, for I can rent your room with board while you're away, and that will be best for both of us. Put all your things into your trunk, lock it, and I will have it placed in my store room for two weeks. When you return you shall have your room back," she said.

That was satisfactory to Jimmy, and next morning he took the first through Washington express which would land him in Wilmington in time to connect with the road that would drop him off at Clayton Junction, where he would get the short line that ran to Pugwash.

On the train Jimmy met a very interesting old white-haired man, whose benign countenance invited confidence.

They sat together in the same seat of the last car, and the old man asked the boy many questions about himself, where he was going, and other things.

Jimmy was a pretty clever lad for his years, and didn't believe in being too confidential to strangers, but this old man had such a taking way about him, and appeared to throw off the link of human kindness at every pore, that the boy felt he was deserving of all confidence.

Jimmy told him that he was working in Wall Street for Hiram Kitson, stockbroker, and that he was going home to visit his mother in Pugwash on a two weeks' vacation.

"Ah, youth, youth, how I envy thee!" said the old gentleman, with a smile that beamed all over his face. "I was young myself once, but that was long, long ago."

"I suppose you are sixty, sir?" said Jimmy.

"Sixty! I'll never see seventy again. In a year or two earth will cease to interest me."

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy. "You don't seem as old as you look. Some men are old at sixty, others young at seventy. I guess the latter hits you."

"I don't feel old, it is true," sighed the man, "but years count. I have already lived my allotted span—three score years and ten."

"Why, there's an old gent in Pugwash who was over eighty-five when I left, and he's living yet. The people say he'll live till he dries up and blows away."

His companion chuckled and looked meditatively at the boy's small suitcase.

"You are taking your mother a present, I suppose?" he remarked. "Some inexpensive trifle, but which a mother's love will magnify into a pearl of great price."

"Yes, sir. I'm taking her a small offering that she will appreciate."

"Good boy—good boy!" said the old man.

At that moment the old gentleman sneezed.

It was a corking good sneeze that shook him up.

It caused him to bend forward, and his soft hat fell off.

As he stooped to pick it up, Jimmy saw his white hair raise up at the back, exposing about an inch of red hair underneath. The Wall Street lad gasped.

"The man is disguised," he thought, and the discovery instantly put him on his guard against his venerable-looking companion.

CHAPTER XI.

JIMMY QUILTS.

Jimmy felt like kicking himself for having talked so confidentially to the old man.

He wondered if the white-haired chap had any designs upon him.

He suspected that his suitcase was the object aimed at if anything.

He couldn't afford to lose it, as his present to his mother and the packet intended for his boss' sister were both in it.

The latter he knew was valuable.

He didn't see how his companion could get it away from him if he kept his wits about him, and this he intended to do.

Recovering himself, the bogus old fellow went on talking in his soft, persuasive tones.

Fifteen minutes passed, and then the locomotive whistled for Trenton.

As the train began to slacken speed, the man pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and made a bluff of wiping his forehead with it.

There was nothing in the action to excite suspicion, but Jimmy was on the alert and had his eyes on him.

"My only sister, who is dead and gone these ten years, embroidered my initial on this handkerchief," said the old chap. "She was a fine needle-worker. See how beautifully she did it."

He swung the handkerchief toward the boy.

Jimmy's suspicions were aroused, and he seized the man's wrist.

"Nothing doing, my friend," he said, snatching the handkerchief with his other hand, and pressing it against the man's face. "Smell it yourself."

There was a momentary struggle on the old man's part, and then he was quiet.

Jimmy let the handkerchief fall into the owner's lap.

The disguised old man sat with his head back, unconscious.

The boy was not surprised.

He had lately read about the handkerchief game having been worked off on several unprotected girls by alleged White Slavers.

In the cases in question the newspapers reported that the handkerchief was found to be saturated with some kind of narcotic that took instant effect.

Clearly this handkerchief had been prepared in the same way.

Whatever it was it had put the rascal into a temporary trance that resembled sleep, and for the time being he was dead to the world.

"He intended to do me up the way he is himself, grab my suitcase and leave the train at this stopping place," was Jimmy's mental decision. "I suppose he picks up his living working easy marks, such as I almost proved to be. If he hadn't sneezed that time I'd have been a gone goose, and what the boss wouldn't have said to me when I got back to the office isn't worth mentioning. I thought I was as smart as they come, and that no one could pull the wool over my eyes, but I've got to allow that luck, not smartness, saved me this time."

The train didn't stay long at Trenton, and was soon on its way again.

The old fraud was still under the influence when the conductor came along to take up the tickets of those only bound as far as Philadelphia.

The man's ticket was stuck in the binding of the seat in front of him.

It read Philadelphia, and the conductor took it and looked at Jimmy's ticket.

"This man gets off at Philadelphia," the conductor said to Jimmy. "Wake him up when we get there. It's the next stop."

Jimmy said nothing.

The conductor went to the end of the car and returned the way he came.

Jimmy took a glance around the car.

No one was particularly looking his way.

He laid his hand on the white hair, which he believed was a wig, gave a tug, and it came off the man's head, revealing a crop of good, reddish hair.

Then he tackled the long, white beard.

It was held by wires bent behind the fellow's ears, and also by a wire cup into which his chin set.

It came off with little trouble.

To Jimmy's surprise he recognized the visitor as the man who came to his boss' office whom he had smothered with the waste paper basket.

"The man must have known me from the first, and all his talk was so much guff," thought the boy. "I don't see what he expected to make out of me. Office boys are not usually worth robbing, and he couldn't have known I was carrying a valuable present to the boss' sister."

Jimmy dropped the false wig and beard out of the window with the drugged handkerchief.

Shortly afterward the train ran into the depot at Philadelphia and stopped.

Then Jimmy grabbed his bag, went forward and took a seat in the next car.

The train remained ten minutes or so at the depot, and then pulled out for Wilmington and Baltimore.

The conductor came through after the train passed Chester.

"You were in the back car, wasn't you?" said the official to Jimmy as he took up his ticket.

"Yes."

"Did the old man get off all right?"

"I believe he did."

The alleged old man had not got off.

He was rubbing his eyes when the conductor came into the car.

Then he noticed that he was bereft of his disguise, and that the boy was not beside him.

With an imprecation he sprang up.

"Have we reached Philadelphia?" he asked a passenger a seat or two away.

"Yes, some time ago. This train is now on its way to Baltimore. Didn't you know that the train pulled in at Philadelphia? We were there about fifteen minutes. Here comes the conductor. Speak to him."

"There was a boy on that seat with me. Do you know if he went into another car?"

"I couldn't tell you anything about him. I got on at Philadelphia."

The conductor came up and asked for his ticket.

"I haven't any. I should have got off at Philadelphia."

"Why didn't you?"

"I was asleep."

The conductor did not connect him with the white-haired old man whom he saw was not on the car.

After some talk the official said he would stop the train at the next station and let him get off.

That suited the rascal, who did not want to go on to Wilmington.

He did not care to meet Jimmy on the train, for fear the boy would expose him, though the boy would have had a hard job proving anything against him.

At Wilmington Jimmy left the train and bought a ticket over the Delaware road to Clayton Junction.

On his arrival at that place he found a train waiting on the short line, and three-quarters of an hour later he landed in Pugwash and hurried home.

He had telegraphed to his mother that he was coming, and she was expecting him.

Their reunion was a joyful one, and Jimmy spent a bang-up two weeks among his old cornies, who regarded him as an individual of some consequence, now that he was employed in Wall Street.

The boss' sister placed a box of fruit in his care to be delivered to her brother, and Jimmy promised to see that he got it.

He reached New York on Monday afternoon, too late to show up at the office, and he sent the fruit to old Kitson's apartments by a transfer company.

Then he went to his boarding-house, and found his room waiting for him with his trunk in it.

Next morning the broker asked him what kind of a time he had had, and how his sister, Mrs. Nickleby, and the children were.

Jimmy told him about his adventure with the bogus old man, and how the fellow was the man who had visited him some time before.

The old man complimented him on his smartness in escaping the trap, and said there could be no doubt that the fellow was after his suitcase.

Jimmy arrived in time to see a stock called B. & G. going up like a house afire.

He bought 300 shares at \$6, held it till it went up a little over eight points more, and then sold out, making \$2,000.

Jimmy was now worth \$7,000, and he was satisfied there was no place like Wall Street to make money.

It was about this time that he was summoned with the other witnesses to appear against the five amateur bandits in one of the United States courts in Brooklyn.

They were easily convicted and got what was coming to them.

Soon after the trial there was a rise in copper, and Jimmy bought 1,000 shares of Hurricane Island at \$7.

The certificates were transferred to his name, and then delivered by the Curb broker at his office.

He was not in when they came, and the messenger handed the package to the cashier, saying the stock was for Jan's Oliver.

Old Kitson was talking with the cashier at the time, and he asked him why the stock was sent to his office boy.

"I couldn't tell you, sir."

"Hand it to me and send him into my room when he comes back."

When Jimmy came in the cashier said that Kitson wanted to see him.

The boy went in to see what the boss wanted.

"A messenger brought a package of Hurricane Island Cop-

per for you a while ago. Are you receiving it for some friend of yours?" asked the broker.

"No, sir. That belongs to me."

"Belongs to you?" cried the old man, in some astonishment. "What do you mean by that?"

"There's going to be a rise in copper, and I bought the stock at low water mark to make something out of it."

"How many shares did you buy?" asked Kitson, who did not regard the transaction with disfavor, for he believed copper was in for a rise, as Jimmy had not bought the stock on margin.

He understood that Jimmy had about \$300, which included the check he had got from the Fairhaven Novelty Company, and he did not object to the boy making another hundred if he could.

"One thousand shares, sir," replied Jimmy.

"What's that? How many?"

"One thousand."

"Look here, young man, no tomfoolery, please. Hurricane Island is selling for around \$7. You couldn't buy much over forty shares with the money you have."

"I put \$7,000 into the stock."

"What are you talking about? Where would you get \$7,000?"

"I made it in the market," said the boy, independently.

The old man demanded an explanation.

Jimmy gave it, and then there was a flare-up.

Old Kitson went for his scalp in a way he had never done before, and Jimmy, for once, lost patience.

He declared he had the right to speculate if he saw fit.

"All right. Go and speculate. You're discharged."

Jimmy turned and walked out.

Some time afterward Kitson sprang his buzzer, and Charley Yost answered.

"Where's Jimmy?" asked the broker.

"Out," replied Yost.

"Send him in when he comes back."

But Jimmy didn't come back.

He was down at the Curb market watching Hurricane Island Copper.

Kitson sent for the cashier.

"Where did you send Jimmy?" he asked.

"I didn't send him anywhere. I've been waiting for him to get back. I supposed you sent him out."

"No, I didn't send him out. Confound him, where could he have gone!"

The cashier couldn't guess.

He thought Jimmy's absence without leave mighty funny.

Then Kitson remembered that he had discharged the boy.

As he hadn't meant to do it, and as Jimmy had never taken him at his word before, he was angry over it.

He called Yost and told him to find the boy.

"Don't come back till you do find him, and don't you come back without him, or I'll discharge you," he roared.

Yost was rather surprised, though the boss' way of talking was not new to him.

"Any idea where he is?" he asked.

"No," snapped the broker. Then, on second thought, he said: "Go down to the Curb and look around there."

Wondering why Jimmy should be at the Curb market, Yost put on his hat and left the office.

CHAPTER XII.

JIMMY SAVES AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

Charley Yost was not over confident of finding Jimmy around the Curb Exchange.

He could not understand why he should be there unless the old man had sent him, and, apparently, Kitson had not done so.

However, that is where he found Jimmy, talking to a broker's assistant.

"Jimmy, the boss sent me after you. What are you doing here?" asked Yost.

"Attending to my own business. If the boss sent you, he only wasted your time," replied Jimmy.

"Aren't you going back with me?" replied Yost, much surprised.

"Not that you could notice it."

"Why not? What's the matter? Have you had trouble with the old man?"

"I've always had more or less trouble with him, and I never bothered much; but things culminated to-day. He fired me for the 'steenth time, and I concluded to take the bounce in earnest. That's all there is to it."

"What was the trouble about?"

"It was about some copper stock I invested my funds in."

"Well, you know it's against the rules to speculate."

"All right. I'm fired, so what's the use saying anything more about it?"

"The boss wants you back, so the bounce won't count."

"I'm not going back. Tell him to get another boy."

"You're foolish to send him such a message as that."

"Well, then, just tell him you met me on the Curb, and that I'm watching the market."

"He told me if I came back without you he'd fire me."

"He didn't mean that."

"Maybe he didn't, but he's in mighty bad humor."

After some further argument, Jimmy decided to go back.

"Where have you been for the last two hours?" roared old Kitson when Jimmy reappeared in his room.

"On the Curb, keeping track of copper."

"Do you know you have put this office to a great deal of inconvenience?"

"What did you discharge me for if you didn't want me to go?"

"Well, you're reinstated. Go to work."

So Jimmy returned to his seat.

Ten days later Hurricane Island Copper was up to 12.

Then the old man asked him what he had done about his stock.

"Nothing. I've got it outside in the safe," replied Jimmy.

"You'd better sell it," growled the broker.

Jimmy said he guessed it would go higher.

"Suppose it does, isn't \$5,000 enough profit for you?"

"Yes, sir, if I can't make any more."

"It might drop back to \$7, and then you would lose the profit you now have in sight."

"It will go to \$15 before it drops back to \$7."

"How do you know?" snorted the old man.

"I'm just guessing that way."

"Guessing! That's the way the lambs speculate. They guess the price will go up to such a point. It doesn't as a rule, and they usually lose."

"It's all guesswork in Wall Street, except in the case of the old rams who pull the strings."

"Well, I've told you to sell. If you lose money it will be your own fault."

Next day Hurricane Island dropped to \$10.

"What did I tell you?" said old Kitson.

"I'm not worrying," replied Jimmy.

Neither did he worry when it went down another point.

Everything pointed to a continued activity in copper, and Jimmy believed the price would rise again.

A week later his stock was up to \$16.

"What do you think of it now?" said Jimmy to his boss.

The old man grunted, and hinted that if he didn't sell he was a fool.

Two days later it struck \$20 and a fraction, and then Jimmy sold quickly, clearing \$13,000.

He put the matter through his boss' hands, and the old man charged him his eighth of one per cent. commission, same as anybody else.

When Kitson handed him his check for what was coming to him, he asked him if he was going to quit speculating.

"Yes, sir, until somebody gives me a real juicy tip."

"Do you expect anybody to do that?"

"I don't know. Some good-hearted insider might take a friendly interest in me and put me in the way of making a million."

"Well, don't let me hear of you speculating again, or I'll discharge you in earnest."

"You couldn't get along without me."

"Eh? What's that? I couldn't?"

"I don't think you could."

"You'd better not take any chances if you want to remain in Wall Street."

"Oh. I'd remain here just the same whether I worked for you or not."

"If I wrote to Mr. Nickleby, he'd come here and make you see stars."

"I see them nearly every night when the sky is clear, so he'd be foolish to take the trip for such a purpose."

"He'd make you see a different kind."

"The only different kind I know of are those you sometimes see for \$2 a head at a theater. Do you think he'd treat me to a show?"

"Huh!" grunted old Kitson. "You can return to your chair."

Jimmy grinned and did so.

A few days after that Jimmy was on Broadway coming back from an errand at the lower end of the street, when he noticed a little old white-haired gentleman getting out of a surface car.

As the gentleman started for the sidewalk, a big express wagon came rushing around the corner of Thames street and swooped down on him.

The boy darted out into the street, grabbed the old man around the body and pulled him back.

He accomplished the business not an instant too soon, for the wheels fairly brushed against the old man's arm as the wagon slipped past.

The little old gentleman was dazed by his narrow escape, and meekly submitted to be led to the sidewalk.

"You had a narrow escape, sir," said Jimmy.

"Yes, yes," fluttered the old gentleman, hardly knowing what he said.

Jimmy now noticed that he was dressed in the best of clothes, wore a heavy gold watch-chain of old-fashioned design, and that he had an expensive-looking pin in his up-to-date scarf.

Observing that the old man continued confused and undecided, Jimmy asked him if he could be of any further service to him.

"Yes, yes," answered the old man. "Take me across the street to my son's office."

"All right," said the boy, taking him by the arm, and piloting him over to the east side of the street. "What's the number of the building?"

The old gentleman told him.

Jimmy took him into the building, and up to the elevator.

"Shall I take you upstairs to the office?" said the boy.

"Yes, yes. Room 452."

Jimmy helped him into the elevator, and they were presently let out at the fourth floor.

The sign on Room 452 read: "Edward Seabury, Stocks and Bonds, Member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange. George Seabury, Special Partner."

Jimmy opened the door and entered with the old gentleman, who pointed at a door and said: "That room."

The boy took him in there.

"Thank you, thank you," said the old gentleman, seating himself on a leather-covered lounge. "Sit down, my young friend. You have saved my life, and I wish you to understand how grateful I am to you."

"That's all right," said Jimmy. "I wasn't going to stand by and see you run over by that wagon."

"My name is George Seabury. My son is a stock-broker, and this is his office. He will be just as grateful to you as I am. Now tell me your name."

"Jimmy Oliver."

"Are you employed in this part of the city?"

"Yes; I work for Hiram Kitson, stock-broker, No. — Wall Street."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the old gentleman. "Mr. Kitson and I are old friends. So you work for him. His messenger, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

At that moment a gentleman of perhaps forty came into the room.

"Ah, father, you've got here," he said.

"Yes, Edward; but I had a narrow escape from being run down by a wagon as I alighted from the Broadway car. Only for this young man I fear I would have been killed," replied the old man.

"Is that so?" said the younger man, in a tone of great concern.

The old gentleman told him it was so, and said that he must thank the boy for the service he had rendered him.

This Edward Seabury proceeded to do, shaking Jimmy by the hand and assuring him he was deeply grateful to him.

Jimmy remained fifteen minutes in the office, and then said he must get back to his own office.

The old gentleman and his son bade him good-by and told him he must consider them his friends henceforth.

The boy said he would be glad to do so, and then took his leave.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

That afternoon Edward Seabury met old Kitson at the Exchange and told him what his office boy had done for his father.

"He didn't tell me anything about it," said Kitson. "He's a

pretty smart lad—the smartest I ever had; but he's too independent for an office boy. Hardly a day passes but he makes me hopping mad, and it doesn't seem to worry him a bit."

Then Kitson told Seabury about Jimmy's adventure with the boy bandits down in the neighborhood of Fairhaven, and he said that showed what kind of a chap he was—that nothing, apparently, could get his goat.

He also told him about the disguised old man Jimmy met on the train, and how his boy had turned the tables on the fellow very neatly.

"He seems to be an unusual kind of a boy," said Broker Seabury.

"He is. There isn't his counterpart in Wall Street."

"I congratulate you on having such an exceptional office boy."

"I have congratulated myself more than once. And yet, for all that, I have discharged him several times," chuckled old Kitson.

"Discharged him several times!" said Seabury, in surprise.

"Yes, but I really didn't mean it. It's a way I have when I get mad, and he seems to take a delight in exasperating me. He knows that I wouldn't discharge him in earnest, and he takes advantage of the fact to egg me on. I believe it gives him particular satisfaction to get me going. Still I believe there isn't anything he wouldn't do for me. I can thoroughly depend on him, and that's what you want in an employee, whether he be clerk or office boy."

A few days afterward an A. D. T. messenger brought a small packet to the office addressed to Jimmy.

He left it with the cashier, as the boy was out on an errand.

When Jimmy came in the cashier handed it to him.

"A district messenger left this for you," he said.

"I wonder what it is? I don't expect anything from anybody," said Jimmy.

"Maybe it's a bomb," grinned Charley Yost. "Know anybody who would like to put you out of the way?"

"Those five boy bandits would like to do it, I guess, but they're in prison. Then there's that chap I met on the train when I went home in August. He owes me something, and he knows I work here."

"Better soak it in the basin before you open it, then," said Yost.

"I guess it isn't dangerous," said Jimmy. "I'll take a chance on it and open it right here."

"Hold on. Do you want to blow the office up?" said Yost, backing away as Jimmy began removing the string.

The cashier looked a bit serious.

"Don't open it on my desk," he said.

"All right. I'll take it outside in the room. If I'm blown up, see that I am properly planted."

Jimmy carried the packet into the waiting-room, and Yost and the cashier watched him through the brass lattice work.

The boy took out his knife and carefully removed the wrapper.

Then he saw a letter addressed to himself, and he opened and read it.

It explained who had sent the packet.

It came from old Mr. Seabury, and he asked Jimmy to accept the little present within as an evidence of his grateful appreciation for the boy's services in saving him from being run down by the wagon.

Tearing off the inner wrapper, Jimmy found a box bearing the imprint of a well-known jewelry firm.

Opening the box, the boy found within a handsome gold watch and chain to match, together with a charm, on which "J. O." was engraved in monogram.

Inside the cover of the watch was the following engraved inscription: "From George Seabury to James Oliver," with the date on which they had become acquainted.

Jimmy took his present into the counting-room and exhibited it.

"It's a bird of a watch," said Yost.

"And you thought it might be a bomb," grinned Jimmy.

"That's one on me," admitted the margin clerk.

"It's a very fine present," said the cashier. "You were lucky when you made a friend of old Mr. Seabury. He's one of the solid men of the Street. He retired from active business a few years ago, but is the financial backer of his son. You want to cultivate his acquaintance with an eye to the future."

"He's a nice old gentleman," said the boy. "I'm glad I was of service to him."

Everybody in the office congratulated Jimmy on the receipt of such a fine and useful present.

When old Kitson came in, Jimmy showed it to him.

"Pretty stylish watch, Mr. Kitson," he said. "Good enough for the president of a bank."

The broker nodded, and said he deserved it.

During the following week Jimmy received a note from old Seabury, inviting him to call at his home on the following Sunday afternoon and take tea.

His address was on Madison avenue, above Sixtieth street.

Jimmy sent word that he would come, and he presented himself at the tall brown stone front about five o'clock.

He was admitted by a dignified, elderly man servant, and conducted up to the sitting-room on the second floor, where he received a cordial reception from the old gentleman.

There was a little girl of twelve in the room, attired in swell shape, and Jimmy was introduced to her.

She was the old gentleman's granddaughter.

Then Mr. Seabury's daughter-in-law appeared, and Jimmy was presented to her.

Later, Edward Seabury came home and expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing the boy again.

At six o'clock tea was served, and then they returned to the sitting-room.

Jimmy told where his home was, and how he came to New York and got the position of office boy with Hiram Kitson.

Later in the evening, when he and the old gentleman were alone for a while, the old man asked him if he had as much as \$500 saved up.

"Oh, I've more than that," replied Jimmy. "I got a reward of \$250 from the Fairhaven Novelty Company for catching the five boy bandits who held up the stage and got away with the mail-pouch and express box. At that time I had made about \$300 speculating, so that I had more than enough money to go into a deal on L. & M., out of which I cleared \$800."

"Then you must have at least \$2,000 now," said the old gentleman.

"I have that all right," said Jimmy, who was diffident about admitting that he had just ten times that sum.

"Very well. If you will promise me that you will give up speculating for good after one more deal, I'll let you in on the best tip on Wall Street at the present moment. If you follow my directions you will win."

"I'll promise," said Jimmy. "Since I've made a bunch of money, I'm not so eager to speculate as I was. I'm afraid of losing all I've won."

Jimmy assured the old gentleman that he would keep his word, and then Mr. Seabury told him to invest his money next day in Virginia C. & I. on the usual margin, hold it for a 20-point rise, and then sell at once.

Jimmy said he would follow his instructions, and thanked him for the tip.

He promised to say nothing about it, not even to Mr. Kitson, and soon afterward he took his leave, promising to call again to see Mr. Seabury, who had evidently taken a great fancy to him.

Next day Jimmy got his \$20,000, and going to the little bank, plunked down the money and ordered 2,000 shares of Virginia C. & I. bought for his account.

As Virginia C. & I. was going at 110, it would take a bunch of money to swing the boy's deal—a matter of \$200,000 over Jimmy's deposit.

As the little bank couldn't afford to tie up that amount of its limited capital, it arranged with a big bank to advance three-quarters of the sum on the stock.

Jimmy felt in uncommonly good spirits over the prospect of making a big sum of money out of the old gentleman's tip.

Every day Jimmy watched the board in the Exchange to see how Virginia C. & I. was coming on.

For a week there was no particular movement in it, then it began rising slowly.

When it touched 110 one of the newspapers printed a statement to the effect that it was rumored that the C. & O. Railroad had got control of the line.

That day the price went to 120.

There was a rush on the part of speculators to buy it.

The demand for the stock revealed such a shortage in the supply that the papers came out with the statement that the stock had been cornered by people who possessed inside information of something bearing upon the road's future, and again the statement was made that the C. & O. had gobbled it up.

Officials of that corporation, however, denied this, and the price, which had gone to 125, dropped to 118.

This drop of seven points gave Jimmy a shock.

It represented \$14,000 of profits to him, and he began to wonder if the old gentleman's tip wasn't going back on him.

He wished he had sold at the high point, and he even figured on getting out then, fearing he might lose the rest that was in sight.

He held on, however, and next day the price recovered to 120.

In the course of several days, during which all sorts of rumors floated about Wall Street, it crept up to 125 again.

"I guess it's all right," thought the boy. "I've only got to hold on for five more."

The week passed and the price remained the same, for not a transaction was pulled off in it to make a new quotation.

The brokers knew that the stock was cornered, and were watching for something to happen.

Every one of them had buying orders for customers waiting to be filled when the chance came.

Thus three weeks passed away from the time Jimmy bought, and interest charges were piling up against his account at the rate of \$250 a week.

This was for the \$200,000 the bank had advanced to swing his deal.

Jimmy didn't figure that this charge cut much ice as against the profit he had in sight.

At last the C. & O. officials put out an official statement that the road had acquired control of the Virginia C. & I.

Within an hour the price jumped to 131.

Jimmy saw the figures on the board at the Exchange, and he uttered a whoop.

The other messengers looked at him.

"What's the matter with Kitson's kid?" said one of them.

"Has he slipped a cog?"

Jimmy looked and acted as if he had slipped several.

As soon as he delivered his message he piled out of the entrance with another yell, for he couldn't help letting off steam to save his life.

"Holy smoke! the kid is plum crazy," cried another messenger.

There was a rush for the street.

Up Broad street Jimmy was rushing at a wild pace.

At the corner of Wall Street he let out a third whoop and dashed across into Nassau.

In a few minutes he was in the little bank.

He rushed into the cashier's room.

"Sell me out, quick!" he cried.

The cashier, recognizing him as the boy who had made the big deal, hastened to accommodate him.

An order to sell was brought him to sign, and the order then transmitted by telephone to the bank's representative in the Exchange.

Jimmy's 2,000 shares were snatched at by a dozen brokers, but they didn't go around.

They were sold for an average of 121 5-8.

Jimmy cleared over \$40,000 in good money, and he was the happiest lad in New York.

"Look here, Jimmy, what's the matter with you?" asked old Kitson, perceiving that his office boy was almost lopsided with suppressed enthusiasm.

"Nothing, sir, I was just thinking," replied the boy.

"Thinking!" roared the broker. "Yes, you're planning some new scheme to get me off because I've been quiet for a week."

"No, sir. I was just thinking whether I'd buy you out or go in business for myself."

Kitson turned purple and nearly fell off his chair.

"Confound you, I've a great mind to fire you in earnest."

"You wouldn't fire me for a gold mine, and you know it. And I wouldn't leave you if you did. I'd get out an injunction and compel you to keep me."

"On what ground?" asked the boss, smothering his wrath.

"On the ground that by discharging me you would ruin my trade-mark."

"Your trade-mark! What do you mean?"

"My trade-mark is what all the brokers and messengers call me."

"What's that?"

"Old Kitson's Kid."

Next week's issue will contain "LINEMAN JACK; OR, THE BOY WHO BUILT A BUSINESS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Miss Sarah L. Davenport, of Wilton, Conn., who has kept her town in turmoil for fifteen years, now has buried her pet horse Nancy in her front yard. The neighbors protested on the ground of health. Miss Davenport "sicked" her fourteen dogs on Health Officer Thomas F. Scanlon, and he retreated, losing the nether part of his Prince Albert.

The most valuable fruit tree in the world, an avocado, or alligator pear, the property of H. A. Woodworth, a Whittier, Cal., rancher, has been insured for \$30,000 by Lloyds, of London, against fire or frost. This tree last season netted Mr. Woodworth \$3,206, in fruit and bud wood, the latter being used in an effort to propagate other alligator pear trees. To perfect his prize tree from marauders, Mr. Woodworth has built a lath fence around it thirty feet high.

After earnest rivalry for more than thirty years between Miller, South Dakota, and St. Lawrence, the latter place has finally "put one over" on Miller. In placing a bell in their new school house, the St. Lawrence people got one that rings so loudly that it easily can be heard in Miller. When the air is right the sound from that bell almost drowns the tones of the local bell. As a result, there is a movement on foot to install a louder bell in the Miller school building.

Edward Gardner, a farmer near Big Laurel, Va., had an old mule which died a few days ago and he set out to haul it to the boneyard. He had it loaded on a sled, and to make it stay on the sled its legs had to be pressed down between the standards. The hired man was driving the team hauling the dead mule and Gardner was walking behind. The sled struck a stone in the road with such force that one of the mule's feet was dislodged, striking Gardner on the leg and breaking it below the knee.

George Chevealier, Commissioner of Police of White Plains, who has already transplanted some metropolitan methods to his home town, came to New York the other night to learn more of this city's ways. While in pursuit of knowledge he was robbed of a gold watch and chain, diamond-studded fob and a gold pencil by pickpockets on a Forty-second street crosstown car. He did not discover the loss until after the thieves disappeared. He said he didn't know how it happened. He was greatly amazed.

Two eclipses and a transit of Mercury will interest New Yorkers in 1914. A partial eclipse of the moon occurs on the night of March 11, extending past the midnight hour, the total period of about three hours affording ample time for its observance. On August 21 a total eclipse of the sun will occur at sunrise. The transit of Mercury across the face of the sun occurs November 7, also at sunrise. It can be seen through a small telescope with

smoked or colored glass. Two other 1914 eclipses are visible in the antipodes.

A five weeks' rat hunt in Union Township ended recently, when the 213 men and boys engaged in the contest produced 10,336 rat tails, which were counted by the judges. The losers in the contest gave a dinner for the winners. One of the most remarkable figures in the slaughter was a small rat terrier owned by J. H. Hartman. More than two thousand tails were from rodents killed by the terrier, which made a record of thirty rats in one shock of corn. Another township hunt is on, and it is believed that when the series of contests has ended 50,000 rats will have been killed in Hancock County, Ohio.

Branded by Magistrate Briggs of Philadelphia as being the meanest man he ever had seen, Peter McFadden, 42 years old, who was accused of ejecting his wife and two children out of his home Christmas into the rain, was sentenced to thirty days in the county prison recently. McFadden's wife testified her husband had been drinking all day, and because the children, playing with toys that neighbors gave them, annoyed him, he drove them all from the house, and they were kept in the rain until a policeman arrested him. Mrs. McFadden said her husband had given nothing to the children for Christmas.

The official opening of the new Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, connecting the war ports of the North Sea and the Baltic, will take place in April with elaborate ceremonies, at which the Kaiser will preside. Naval strategists say the canal will immensely strengthen the striking efficiency of the German fleet. The construction has taken six years, working day and night, and has cost \$555,000,000. The nominal object is to permit the passage of Dreadnoughts, but the work has been done on a scale to provide for any emergencies in the future. The width is now 148 feet, the depth of the channel 46 feet and the length of the docks 1,090 feet.

A woman and two men who had walked 4,000 miles, from Los Angeles, Cal., to Washington, delivered at the White House the other day a letter to President Wilson asking him to have the government investigate a tuberculosis remedy which, they affirmed, cured them of the disease. In their letter they said the discoverer, Charles F. Aycock of Los Angeles, would surrender his secret formula to the federal government if the government medical officers would treat free of charge tuberculosis patients too poor to pay. The three pilgrims are Alfred A. Berger, J. T. Price, and Carrie T. Van Gaasbeck. They had certificates from Los Angeles physicians and the Health Department of that city that they had been cured of tuberculosis. Their visit to Washington, they explained, was intended as an expression of their gratitude, and they walked to show the condition they were in.

CHEEK AND CHANCE

—OR—

TRAVELING ON HIS WITS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER III.

TRANSIENT SUCCESS.

Jason Bent proved a veritable genius. He seemed to have an eye for all future contingencies, and obstacles were as nothing in his path. He had a method for overcoming all.

Humble lodgings were procured, and then work began. A few days of rehearsing and the making of cheap costumes followed. Jason planned a striking show bill and an advance circular.

"There is a town above here called Orono," he said. "They had a lyceum there, and the clerk in that store across the street tells me that I can arrange for a single performance on half and half share. Our expenses will be car fare. I shall write to the secretary to-night."

Jason carried out this plan. The result was a prompt reply accepting the offer, and best of all guaranteeing a seventy-five dollar house. Andy was bewildered with the dazzling prospect.

"That will be thirty-seven and a half for us," cried the genius. "Surely, thirty dollars clear, which will be fifteen apiece. If we can do that sort of thing four or five nights in the week, we ought to swim. Of course, there may be one hundred dollars or more in the house."

"Grand!" cried Andy, exuberantly. "How lucky I met you, Jason!"

"And I'm more than glad I met you!" cried the genius. "We are pards from this on. I like you, lad."

They gripped hands warmly. The future looked bright and happy for our boy hero. Trials were yet to come.

Andy had perfected his songs and dances and also rehearsed a comic speech. Jason had procured all the paraphernalia for his legerdemain.

Thus equipped, they took the train one day for Orono. The ride was a short one along the banks of the beautiful Penobscot river. A committee from the Lyceum met them at the station, and they were given lodgings in a house near the town hall. All preparations had been made for the entertainment.

"Going to have a big house," declared the genial secretary of the club. "We heard of your being with Thatcher's Big Minstrels. All the boys are onto it and want to hear the boy tenor."

Jason winked at Andy.

"That's good," he replied. "Thatcher is all broke up, of course, since we left. You'll see a good show, be sure."

When they were alone Andy asked:

"Why should he think we belonged to Thatcher's minstrels?"

"Oh, that's a mistake, of course," laughed Jason. "But we'll let 'em think so if they want to. Say nothing. We've got to cheek it a little at first."

That night the little town hall was packed. Behind the curtain Jason had dressed the stage prettily by borrowing furniture from the members of the Lyceum. When the curtain went up he came in smiling in his necromancer's suit of handsome velvet.

He made a neat little speech and then exhibited several skillful tricks. Then he retired and Andy went on, made up for a jolly, red-whiskered Crogan.

It was the first time Andy had ever faced an audience, but he was not the least bit fazed.

Years of life on the pavements of New York had given him an assurance which could not be shaken. He sang "The Bells of Dublin" and "Rosy Magee" for an encore, coupled with some smart jokes and a genuine Tipperary clog. It brought down the house, and the applause was terrific. Andy's fame was made.

"Grand!" cried Jason as he came off. "Don't you never do anything else. Now I'll give 'em the Silver Serpent trick."

Again Jason gave legerdemain, and then Andy went on in the costume of a Chinaman. Again he caught the house. Next Jason gave a basket trick and some card work and Andy impersonated a Yankee, and the show ended. The audience had been delighted.

While the two artists were dressing in the anteroom, the secretary of the Lyceum came in and two other men with him.

"We got a one hundred and sixty dollar house!" he cried. "Perfect satisfaction. There's eighty dollars for you at the box office."

"Thank you," replied Jason. "We care more for the good opinion than the money, for we want to come again."

"You will be welcome. By the way, here is the manager of the Oldtown Grange. He wants to arrange for you tomorrow night at his place on the same terms."

"Rather short notice for advertising, is it not?" asked Jason.

"The house is already assured," declared the manager. "It is a private affair, but we guarantee you seventy-five dollars."

"I accept it," replied Jason. "We will be in Oldtown to-morrow. It is only a little ways up the river?"

"That is all."

This deal closed, Jason turned to the other visitor. He was a flashy looking man, with a huge diamond on his shirt front.

He extended his card:

WASHINGTON HALL, Esq.,
"Manager Golden Ideal Comedy Co."

"Always glad to meet members of the 'profesh,'" he declared, affably. "My route is a little to the west of here, but we are striking it rich. You've got a good thing."

"Yes, yes!" replied Jason, who seemed suddenly ill at ease and regarding the other askance. "We hope to do well. I trust you will call on us at our hotel later."

"Delighted!" declared Hall, fishing out a cigar. "Will you smoke?"

"Thank you," replied Jason. "Not at present. I beg to be excused."

Andy looked up in surprise. The visitor was so extremely affable that he thought Bent should bestow at least a trifle more courtesy upon him. But Jason ignored the other, until finally Hall strolled out of the anteroom and disappeared.

The moment he had gone Bent drew a deep breath. He looked about him in a furtive way and said:

"Andy, I'm going to be busy for awhile here. Just slip down to the box office and get that eighty dollars coming to me. I'll meet you at the side entrance. Go quick!"

Andy obeyed without further question, though he had a sinking feeling that all was not quite right. At the box office the money was readily paid him.

As he turned away he came face to face with Washington Hall, the flashy manager. The owner of the big diamond put out his hand with a smile and said:

"My boy, you're a star. Where did you come from, may I ask?"

"From New York city," replied Andy.

"Ah!" said the manager of the Golden Ideals, reflectively. "Where did you fall in with Mr. Bent? Quite fortunate, eh?"

"Yes," replied Andy. "I have never done anything of this kind before."

"I thought so!" said Hall, promptly. "I'll lay my life you're a good boy. Haven't known Bent long, eh?"

"Really, you must excuse me," said Andy, breaking away. "I am in a hurry."

He hastened back to the anteroom. Bent was there all ready for departure.

"Have you got the money?" he asked.

"Yes!" replied Andy.

"Good! Keep it and use it to the best advantage you can. Heaven be with you, boy."

"What do you mean?" asked Andy, in sheer wonderment.

"I cannot go with you to Oldtown. Ask no questions, answer none. Tell nobody the reason. I will be near you and find you again, and explain all. Oh, my soul, all is lost."

Bent dropped his clothes and sat cold and pale at the dressing-room door. Washington Hall stood there grim and

smiling, with a revolver in one hand and a pair of manacles in the other.

"It's all up, Jake Small," he said, coolly. "I arrest you in the name of the law for the murder of Jim Prime. You are run to earth at last."

CHAPTER IV.

ANDY MAKES FRIENDS.

It was a most astounding shock to Andy Dunn. He stood like one in a dream.

He stared at Jason and at the disguised detective, for such Washington Hall proved to be. Bent, however, had recovered from his first weakness and was bold and hard.

"The jig is up!" he declared, in a dogged way. "We'd have made a good thing, lad, and I'd cut out for becoming an honest man the rest of my days. But these accursed hounds of justice won't give a man a chance. I killed Jim Prime, but it was all in self-defense."

"I am but doing my duty," said the detective, blandly. "Are you ready to go with me?"

"One word with the lad here," said Bent, as he gazed appealing at Andy. "Hang me, but I like ye, lad. I wish ye success, and when prosperity comes to ye some day, have a thought for poor Jason."

A great lump arose in Andy's throat, and impulsive words were on his lips. But he restrained them and said in a whisper:

"I am sorry for you. Here is the money. Shall I never hear from you again?"

Bent drew back, saying:

"The money is yours, lad. Keep every cent of it. It can do me no good. Good luck go with ye. Good-by."

A pressure of the hand, the clank of manacles, and Jason was gone. Andy rubbed his eyes, and turned to see the manager of the lyceum at his side. His face was dark and forbidding.

"This has turned out a disgrace to our society and our town," he said, harshly. "We are not accustomed to entertain criminals. Perhaps you had better try some other locality."

Andy made a profound bow.

"It is my intention," he replied, quietly. Then he returned to his lodgings and went to bed, but not to sleep. The incidents of the past few days had been so kaleidoscopic and surprising that they engrossed his mind to the exclusion of all else.

The arrest of Jason had completely changed his plans. What had looked like a bewilderingly successful future had turned to apples of ashes. He was out in the world once more alone, traveling by his wits.

It was hard for him to believe that Jason was a murderer. He had grown to like the smart prestidigitator and the keenest of regret at parting with him was uppermost. Yet a chill crept over him as he reflected that he had been *bon camarade* with a murderer, who might even have wreaked an insane impulse upon him.

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

NEW RECORD FOR BALLOON.

Kerr Kevlen, a German balloonist, who, with two passengers, ascended from Bitterfeld, Prussian Saxony, in the balloon Duisburg on December 13, reported that he had descended at Perm, a town in European Russia, near the Siberian frontier, thus establishing a world's distance and duration record for spherical balloons.

The Duisburg was in the air 87 hours and travelled a distance of 1,738.8 miles.

The previous world's distance record for spherical balloons was held by Rene Rumpelmayer, who in March last made a flight from Paris to a point near Kharkoff, European Russia, a distance of 1,492 miles. The world's distance record was broken in 1912 by M. Biernaine, the French balloonist, in the balloon Picardie, which travelled from Stuttgart, Germany, to Moscow, a distance of 1,364 miles.

BOY HERO'S REWARD.

Louis Spreckels, head of the Federal Sugar Refining Company of Yonkers, has taken under his patronage fifteen-year-old William Schollmeyer of No. 224 Riverdale avenue, that city, who on May 17 nearly lost his life in saving ten-year-old John Varholiak from drowning in the Hudson River off the Federal Refinery pier.

Young Schollmeyer accomplished the rescue while a dozen able-bodied men stood helplessly by. It was the fourth rescue from drowning the boy had made in as many years, and Mr. Spreckels was so appreciative of the lad's heroism that he immediately gave him employment in his factory and brought Schollmeyer's act to the attention of the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York. The boy received a medal and \$25 in gold from the association recently.

The presentation was made in person by Mr. Spreckels, who took occasion to announce that he had taken Schollmeyer, whose parents are poor, under his protection, and intended schooling him in every phase of the sugar business.

WORLD'S LARGEST MONUMENT.

Elaborate preparations have been completed for the dedication of the world's biggest monument, on the battlefield of Leipzig, Germany, in the presence of the kaiser and other federal German rulers. The monument, which is to commemorate the centenary of Napoleon's defeat by the allied armies of Prussia, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, is 35 or 40 feet higher than the Goddess of Liberty, at New York. It cost \$1,500,000 to build, is 200 feet broad at the base and its pyramidal outlines suggest from afar an Egyptian rather than a Saxon design. The unveiling of the monument will be the climax of the round of centenary festivities held in the fatherland throughout the year. One unique feature will be a great Marathon race, in which 38,000 athletes will participate. They will carry messages from a dozen different points in and outside of Germany, bearing patriotic greetings to the kaiser and

his fellow sovereigns. The runners will cover a total distance of over 4,000 miles. Messages from Germans in the United States and Brazil will be carried from Bremerhaven to Leipzig.

100 MORPHINE DOSES A DAY.

A tragic story of morphinomania was revealed when detectives arrested a painful emaciated young man named Marcel Leroy in the act of stealing a piece of silk valued at \$40 from a shop in the Rue Reaumur, Paris.

As he was arrested, Leroy, who was almost in a state of nervous prostration, produced a hypodermic syringe and implored his captors to let him have another injection of morphine. He continued his agonized appeal all the way to the police station, where eventually the commissary managed to quiet him.

Leroy then confessed that he was actuated only by an irresistible craving for morphine, in order to procure money for the purchase of which he had recourse to theft. He stated that he had been addicted to the morphine and cocaine since he was a boy of 14, and had recently been making injections a hundred times a day, every ten minutes or less. The whole of his body from head to foot was simply one mass of tiny scars.

Not merely content with indulging in the habit himself, he had eventually implanted the same terrible craving in his mother and sister, with whom he lived. The girl, who is only 22 years of age, is actually dying from too frequent indulgence; her only nurse is the mother, whom the fatal drug has already driven mad.

BAALBEK THE MYSTERIOUS.

The Great Temple of Baalbek lies 44½ feet above the level of the plain and is the highest part of the entire inclosure, while the Great Court was only 23 feet lower down. An inclosing wall, the mammoth stones of which have been the marvel of engineers for ages, deserves mention. The lower courses of the wall here are built of stones of moderate dimensions, but they grow rapidly in size, until we come to a row of three enormous stones, the shortest being 63 feet and the longest 65 feet in length, each being about 13 feet high and 10 feet thick. The course of which they form part is some 20 feet above the surface of the ground. They are the largest building blocks ever known to have been used by man, and a still larger one lies in the ancient near-by quarry, never having been detached from the rock beneath. This one is 70 feet long, 14 feet high, and 13 feet wide. Its estimated weight is 1,100 tons, and it is calculated that to raise it would require the strength of 60,000 men. It was probably intended to be placed in the cyclopean wall of the temple inclosure, but some sudden war, pestilence, or revolution must have interrupted the plans of these ancient builders or they would not have expended the labor of years upon this mighty block and then abandoned it still unattached from the quarry.

AN IRISH ROBINHOOD

OR,

THE HEROES OF THE BRIDGE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XII (continued).

"Can't it be possible that they had a boat and escaped down the river?" said the young officer before mentioned. "The general will be furious if we do not capture them."

"I think they are concealed in some secret hiding-place under the bridge, Baxter," said another officer. "We had better place a strong guard at each entrance of the arch."

"That is a good idea. I'd give a hundred gold pieces to take them, as I know General Ginkel will blame me very much."

The officers and their men moved down toward the dry arch, and the four fugitives breathed more freely.

"We must escape before the day breaks," said Barney, "or we will be discovered. The river is our best chance."

"Suppose I slip out and try for a boat along the bank?" suggested Fingal.

"No, no," replied his leader. "You are too big for such work. I will go."

"I will go, good friend," said De Courcey, "as I have most at stake."

"You are a member of my band at present, and you must obey," said Barney.

"I hope you will enroll me also," said Una, in merry tones.

"You are already enrolled, young lady, and I command you to remain here with De Courcey and Fingal until I return."

"May heaven bring you safely back to us, good friend," said Una, fervently.

Barney bade his friends be of good cheer, and he then stole cautiously out of the hiding-place with the musket in his grasp.

As the daring man still wore the English uniform he shouldered the gun and marched boldly down toward the river, keeping his eyes well around in the meanwhile.

He could see a strong party of soldiers stationed at one of the entrances to the dry arch, and as torches were flashing in the dark passage, he concluded that his enemies were making a thorough search for the secret hiding-place.

Having reached the river bank without interruption, the outlaw looked carefully along in search of a boat, but he could not perceive one, and he muttered:

"The boats must have been drawn into shelter to protect them from the shots of the enemy. I'll try in this yard here."

A little to the right, and down the river bank, stood a

small stone house that was pierced with holes by the English cannon-balls.

The outlaw sprang over the wall surrounding the house and entered the yard, where everything was in dire confusion.

While looking around the yard in search of a boat, a female's voice fell on his ear, saying:

"What do you want here, soldier, when you have taken all we had?"

Barney advanced to the back door of the house, and answered in the Irish tongue:

"Is that you, Mother Mag? What in the mischief are you doing in this ruin?"

"Why, captain, is that you?" answered the old woman, who was the person to whose care Una had been intrusted. "Sure this was my old home before the English dogs battered it down. I stole back here this evening to see what I could save, at all. Why are you wearing those clothes?"

Barney had entered the ruined house, where a rushlight was burning on the hearth, and he made answer:

"I wear these clothes to deceive the English, mother, as I am hunted."

"They were here looking for you awhile ago, brave captain. Is De Courcey a prisoner still?"

"He is close at hand now with his lady-love, mother, and I am in search of a boat to bear us down the river."

"Hush, and hide in here, captain, as I hear the soldiers coming again."

As the old woman spoke she drew the outlaw into another room, opened a trap-door, and, pointing down, continued:

"You'll find a passage below leading down to the river. If the Saxon soldiers offer to follow you down here, fly before them, but don't go until you hear me saying, 'May the mischief take you all!'"

Barney descended into the dark cellar, taking his gun with him, and the old woman closed the trap-door over him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HUNT FOR BARNEY OF THE BOW.

The outlaw's first care on entering the dark cellar was to feel around for the passage leading down to the river.

He soon found it, and then he returned to the trap-door

to listen, placing the gun on the floor, with the barrel toward the passage.

The moment Barney placed his ear near the trap-door he could hear the old woman's voice raised aloud, as she cried:

"What brought you here again, to be troubling a poor lone woman?"

"Where's the man who came here a few minutes ago?" asked Lieutenant Baxter, the young officer who had De Courcey in his charge.

"There was no man here lately but one of your soldiers looking for whisky, and he didn't find much of that same, or anything else here, I warrant you, my good sir."

"Where is he now, old woman?"

"How do I know? He went elsewhere after the liquor, I suppose."

"He did not leave this house, and he was not an English soldier," said the young officer, in more serious tones. "Old woman, you will get into trouble if you shelter the Irish rebel."

"What Irish rebel are you talking about at all, sir? The man who came here and went away again was dressed like the others there, and he had a gun also. Trouble, indeed! Sure it is nothing but black trouble I've seen since the time you come over the river."

"Search the place, men," cried the officer, "as I feel certain he is hiding here. Light the torches and look in every hole and corner. Ten gold pieces for the man who finds the rebel."

"If you gave a hundred you won't find him in this ruined house," said the old woman.

"We'll see. Set to work, men."

The men did set to work with a will, as they were all only too anxious to win the bright gold pieces by dragging the Irish rebel from his hiding-place and leading him to the gallows.

After spending over five minutes in the task, the soldiers were compelled to admit that the fugitive was not in the house.

Lieutenant Baxter was standing right over the trap-door, as he addressed the old woman in angry tones, crying:

"See here, old woman, there is some hiding-place in this house. If we find it and the rebel in it, you will be hung with him."

"I tell you there's no hiding-place that I know of at all."

"What's under here? A torch this way. Ha! here is a trap-door."

"Sure that's only the cellar where I keep my potatoes," cried the old woman, in very loud tones, "and may the mischief take you all. Yes, open it, and I wish you luck."

"It is time for me to be off now," thought Barney, as he seized the gun and made for the passage, "as the rascals will be down after me in a jiffy."

The passage was in the form of a low arch, and the footing was very slippery, as the water from the river flowed into it when spring floods swept down in force.

As the outlaw drew near the opening he almost stumbled over something in the path, and, as he felt the object, he muttered:

"A small boat, by all that's lucky, and two oars in it as well! Have I time to push it out into the river?"

The outlaw paused to listen a moment, and he then pushed the boat out before him, as he muttered:

"They haven't found the way out here yet, and I'll be out in the river before they can get a sight of me. Now for it!"

The strong man soon had the boat launched, and he then got in, seized one of the oars, and pushed her out from the bank, as he continued to mutter:

"I'd better go down the stream as fast as I can, and then steal back for my friends."

Grasping the oars, Barney pulled with all his might, and the little boat shot down rapidly with the current.

Looking back when some distance down, Barney saw the soldiers with the flashing torches on the bank, and he said to himself:

"That was a narrow escape so far, but there's far keener work before me. Were it not for the young lady I'd laugh at them all."

While Barney was thus pulling down the river, his friends in the hiding-place were very anxious about him.

De Courcey peered out more than once, and as he saw the soldiers with the torches moving alongside of the river, he said:

"They are on his track, I fear, as I see soldiers looking for him down on the river bank."

"Then they won't catch our brave captain," said Fingal, "as he can dive and swim with any wild duck in the marshes."

"Hear, hear," said Una. "They are firing at him now, I fear."

Several shots were fired by the soldiers on the river bank, and then a joyful shout arose from them.

"They've shot our brave friend, I fear," said De Courcey, with a sigh. "Hear the rascals shouting in triumph."

"Don't you believe that he is down yet," said Fingal. "It is many a time he escaped from closer and deadlier work than that. My life on it, we'll see him before daylight."

The three friends then conversed on their chances of escape, while De Courcey would peep out every now and again to watch the soldiers.

The party on the river bank soon marched up toward the bridge again, and the young officer in command ordered his men to march over and make a search through the battered battlements.

As they drew near the spot where the friends were hiding young Baxter met a brother officer, and he addressed him, saying:

"We shot one of the rascals while he was escaping down the river in a boat, and we are certain to bag the others, as they must be hiding around here somewhere."

"Are you certain you killed the fellow, Baxter?" asked the other officer.

"I am certain of it. When the men fired at him he sprang up in the boat, dropped the oars and fell foremost into the river."

"Did you get the boat?"

"No; it went floating down the stream. Did you see the general since the escape?"

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

Sebastian Gadealea, 45 years old, a laborer, who was detained by the police after \$1,100 in Italian and American money was found sewed in the lining of his coat when he went to the University Hospital to be treated for lead poisoning, explained recently he had saved the money from his wages by living on 10 cents a day. Gadealea said he had come to this country two years ago, and found employment with Harrison Brothers & Co., chemical manufacturers, where he has worked since. An official of that company, after a little figuring, said Gadealea could easily have saved the amount by spending only 10 cents a day.

A steel bridge was recently removed and replaced by another, near Victor, N. Y., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad in the remarkably short space of under five minutes; and this was done without any delay in the traffic. The new bridge which was put in place complete, even to its ballasted tracks, is a plate-girder structure, with a span of 103 feet. The main girders are 10 feet high, and it has a solid concrete floor. This mass was rolled into place in three minutes and was ready for immediate use.

The American public is exercising greater care in preparing mail matter, according to the annual report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, James I. Blakeslee. The fraction of a per cent of increase in the receipt of undelivered domestic mail matter for the last fiscal year is below the normal rate for some years. There were more than 13,000,000 foreign and domestic letters and parcels received by the Dead Letter Office during the year. Of these 6,440,000 pieces were restored to the rightful owners. The valuable inclosures in the letters made up a small fortune. Most of this, however, was returned to the senders.

Scientific investigators have discovered that the much despised dogfish may prove to be one of the most valuable fishes in the sea. They believe that dogfish will come into general use as food, besides being of general use for oil, fertilizer, tanning fluid, and gelatin, according to a report of the commissioners on fisheries and game. The investigators find that the entrails, eggs, and skins are worth money, when properly handled. The fertilizer obtained from reduction of dogfish is of special importance, as it contains a large quantity of nitrogen, the most costly of chemical food plants. Dogfish are eaten by the Chinese, who consider them a great delicacy.

Consul Wesley Frost, stationed at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, reports that a small flock of karakul sheep is to be imported into that province from Texas. Prince Edward Island has recently added a considerable variety through its remarkably increasing fur and dairy industry, and leading raisers of furs are looking for new enter-

prise. It is proposed to cross the karakul sheep with the long-wool sheep of the island, which are celebrated for the fine luster and strong fiber of their wool, in the expectation that a strain of hybrids will result having the tight curls of the karakul at birth together with the gloss and strength of the local breeds.

An animal resembling a horse, yet lacking many equine characteristics, was led down Main street, Lafayette, Ind., by a deputy sheriff and taken to a livery stable to be cared for by humane authorities. The seizure of the animal by the authorities revealed a case of cruel treatment which has caused astonishment and indignation. Fourteen years ago William H. Moore, a contractor, was killed in a runaway accident. His widow, Sarah Moore, said nobody should ever ride behind the animals again and that they should never leave the barn in which they were kept. She and her son, Wilbur Moore, an electrician, kept the animals confined in the same barn in the rear of their home, a stone's throw from the retail business district. One of the horses died two years ago. The other is still alive, but so emaciated and deformed from long confinement and lack of exercise that it looks very little like a horse. Never having been shod for fourteen years, the hoofs, like nails, have kept growing until they are nearly a foot high. The horse's legs are thin and the animal is scarcely able to stand. The horse is practically blind from standing so long in darkness. The humane authorities have filed affidavits against Mrs. Moore and her son, charging them with cruelty to animals.

Figures for forty-four leading American colleges and universities show a total registration of 2,084 foreign students, according to compilations made by Prof. Rudolf Tombo, Jr., of Columbia. The increase in the last two years is thirty-nine, the greatest increase coming from Asia. In fact, nearly half of the foreign students in America come from Asia, the number being 879, or 42 per cent. Other countries of North America outside the United States contributed 572, or a little more than 24 per cent., while Europe's contribution is 401. Fifty of the students come from Australasia, 145 from South America and thirty-seven from Africa. China leads all foreign countries in the number of its representation, having 438. Japan has 263, India, 102; Turkey, 51; Corea, 11; Persia, 7, and Siam, 5. Of the North American foreigners 327 come from Canada and 83 from Mexico. England sends the largest number of Europeans, 88. From South America Brazil has the largest delegation, 57. Columbia University in the City of New York has 183 foreigners registered in its last report, and leads. Pennsylvania has 180, Cornell, 161; California, 151; Michigan, 145; Chicago, 141; Harvard, 137; Illinois, 117; Northwestern, 103; Yale, 79, and Princeton, 22. Of the women's colleges Bryn Mawr enrolled 29 foreigners, Vassar 13 and Wellesley 10.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

The strangest item of cargo the Ward line steamship Merida ever had on a manifest is a consignment of thirty-eight five-foot bags of dried flies. They were shipped from Santa Cruz to a firm in Hamburg and are to be used as chicken food.

Looping the loop six times at a height of 2,500 feet over San Francisco Bay, Lincoln Beachey established another world's aviation record. On Christmas Day Beachey looped the loop five times, a record in itself. Previous to looping the loop Beachey flew upside down.

The aviator Sikousky, who not long ago built an aeroplane to carry eleven persons, tested another giant machine recently. It has sleeping cabins for passengers and weighs 3½ tons. It is propelled by four 100 horsepower motors, and circled the aerodrome with its human freight perfectly.

William and Fred Mason of Newark set a trap for a woodchuck at Colebrook, Conn., but the trap disappeared and they set another. The first trap was not anchored but the second was, and the next day they found a woodchuck in it, with a steel trap to each forefoot. He had got away with the first trap.

A forty-pound snapping turtle captured and being fattened for soup by Herman Jacobs at Roton Point, Conn., broke the chain to which it was attached in the yard. It crept into the model barn containing a gas plant and snapped off a gas pipe. The escaping gas killed 100 chickens and three pigs, but didn't hurt the turtle.

An imperial elephant with tusks fifteen feet long and with bones exceeding many times the dimensions of the largest living species is being unearthed in the great asphalt beds at La Brea, Cal. L. E. Wyman, who has charge of the paleontological investigations and excavations about the famous fossil beds, first discovered the skull bones in one of the pits. The skull was loaded on a dray and is now to be seen at the county museum. E. J. Fisher will set up the massive skeleton. He hopes to secure both tusks intact, but the task is difficult, as they are not as well preserved as the skull.

A romantic story of Annibale Tosci's leap from beggarmdom to riches through finding \$225,000 in hidden treasure is told in his will, which has just been read in court. Tosci used to wander penniless through Naples, sometimes pausing to glance at the solitary marble pillar on the estate of Anspoch, a Frenchman, who died fifty years ago. Anspoch was a queer character and very rich. A few days before his death he directed a pillar to be erected on land leased for ninety years, inscribed: "On the first day of May I have a golden head." Tosci happened to see the pillar on a May day, and through impulse marked the spot touched by the longest shadow cast that day from the pillar. He returned at night and dug up money, accompanied by a letter from Anspoch, saying that the Frenchman had left fate to decide upon the person with sufficient acumen to inherit his money. Tosci left his fortune to charity.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"My husband had to wait nearly an hour while I got ready, but he never complained a bit. "Then he's different from mine. Where were you going?" "Shopping."

Teacher—Now, Willie, if you and your little sister buy ten peaches, and six of them are bad, how many are left? Willie—Two. Teacher—Two? Willie—Yes'm; me and my little sister.

"Has your piano an automatic attachment?" queried the persistent agent. "No, it ain't," said the lady of the house, "but it has a sheriff's attachment, and I reckon that's enough."

Benton—Have you tried all the remedies that your friends have recommended for your rheumatism? Tulsar—Great Scott, no! I haven't had the pesky disease more than three years.

Bowen (struck for a loan)—Well, I'm a bit short myself, but I'll lend you ten if you'll promise not to keep it long. Owens—Promise! Sure I'll promise! I'll spend it this very afternoon.

Gibbs—So your wife quarreled with you? I thought you said she was blind to your faults? Dibbs—She was blind to them, all right, but she wasn't deaf, and the neighbors posted her.

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now what does that prove?" From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."

"What is this civil service business that they are always talking about?" asked the Boob. "What good does it do?" "It's like this," replied the Cheerful Idiot, "if you have a job and you are not under civil service, they can fire you any time they want to. But if you have a job under civil service, they can't fire you unless they want to."

SAVED AT SEA.

By Alexander Armstrong.

Not long since a German steamship from Hamburg, after touching at Havre, where she took in coal and freight, doubled Cape de la Hague, and skirting the Channel Islands, lay her course to the southward and westward for the United States. The good ship glided on her way, making her usual speed of thirteen knots per hour, until the morning of the second day from Havre.

Suddenly the engineer's bell was sounded by the officer on the bridge to "slow the ship," and a moment afterward the signal bell sounded "stop her."

The steamer was now fairly in the broad Atlantic, and such a signal to the engineer signified some uncommon occurrence or exigency.

Of course, all were on the alert instantly.

The captain, who had just sat down to his morning cup of coffee in the cabin, put down the untasted beverage and fastened upon deck, when the officer of the watch was soon observed pointing to a small object far to leeward on the ship's starboard quarter.

The captain, after inspecting the tiny speck upon the sea for a few moments, ordered the ship's course to be changed, and bore down toward the object referred to.

A moment before, the course steered by the steamer was leaving this object, whatever it might be, behind her, but now the ship was rapidly shortening the distance between it and herself. Those with glasses and on the elevated position of the bridge could make out the object sooner than those upon the deck.

But it was soon apparent to all on board that a small boat, containing, as it seemed, a man, was tossing about wildly upon the waves.

As the ship neared the little cockleshell, it could be seen that its occupant was a man who seemed to be quite nude, and who only retained an upright position for a moment at a time, after which he would lie down again. The quarterboat of the steamer was quickly lowered, the headway upon the steamer checked, and a half dozen men, with the second officer, pulled toward the stranger.

The captain of the steamer had ordered a blanket and a flask of brandy into the quarterboat, saying that the poor fellow might require something to keep life in him long enough to get him on board the ship. As it afterward proved, these were excellent precautions, and perhaps saved the man's life.

The officer sent from the steamer found in the little boat a man so reduced by exposure and starvation that he could not articulate a word or stand upon his feet.

He could only look imploringly at his deliverers and point to his mouth.

A swallow of the brandy, which was prepared with a little water for drinking, was poured down the man's throat, and one of the seamen who had a biscuit in his pocket instantly rubbed it up into crumbs and, with another small swallow of brandy, this was washed down the stranger's throat.

He was then wrapped in the large blanket, and the boat's crew pulled for the steamship.

The man was carried on board by means of the blanket, four seamen lifting the attenuated form, one at each corner, for the poor creature looked as though he would drop to pieces if taken hold of by his limbs.

He was soon below and in the surgeon's hand, lying in a comfortable berth, while the steward was making some hot gruel for the famished creature. In the meantime the good ship lay her course once more to the southwest and sped on her way.

The man thus picked up at sea had not yet uttered an articulate word. The gruel came, and the physician gave it, only a teaspoonful at a time, to his patient; for, in his starved condition, food carelessly administered would have killed him nearly as quickly as would a dose of prussic acid.

Three minutes by the watch must elapse between each teaspoonful of the warm and nutritious beverage.

The surgeon was patient, and served the man with his watch in his hand, and now added a little brandy to the dish of gruel.

In half an hour the stranger had taken in ten teaspoonfuls of the hot and nutritious compound.

The doctor paused, set down the bowl he held, felt the sufferer's pulse, and said:

"Now let him sleep, not too long. In fifteen minutes he must have some more nourishment. Keep the gruel hot."

In fifteen minutes the man was aroused gently from the sleep into which he had sunk, and the same quantity of gruel and brandy administered this time two minutes intervening between each spoonful of the nourishment.

In the second half he took fifteen spoonfuls of the gruel, then was permitted to sleep again.

And so he was fed, not only through the day, but all through the night, the doctor giving his whole time to the sufferer, and watching him with an earnest sympathy, mingled with scientific observation. On the second day beef tea was substituted for gruel, but given in the same cautious way, and not until the evening of the second day was the invalid able to speak.

The doctor forbade all questions being asked the man at present, and only talked to him sufficiently to ascertain his physical condition.

He was French, and spoke only that language, and on the third day told the doctor that he had been bathing on the shore at Brest, where he left his clothes on land, and pushed off in his boat to get into deeper water.

Suddenly a squall took the boat and blew her like a feather out to sea.

Night came on, and he had been blown and tossed about for days without food or clothing.

By comparing dates, and judging by his physical condition, the stranger had been almost without food for seven days and nights. It had rained twice during that time, and he had succeeded in catching and drinking about a quart of water each time. He had given up all hope of life, being from time to time insensible, when he saw the steamer, and finally was seized with utter despair until he saw her steering a course which would carry her away from him.

He had no recollection of his rescue from the boat, nor that he had tried to sit up in her from time to time, as they were approaching him.

Whatever he did was by instinct at that time.

He was past reason, and, indeed, was only half conscious for twenty-four hours afterward.

The rescued man gave his name as Louis Molineux, and said his business was that of a cabinet maker. He added that he had good friends in New York, and that if he could reach that city he could procure the means to return to Brest and also to pay whatever charge was due the steamer which had so nobly rescued him from death.

It was absolutely marvelous to see the physical improvement of this man from day to day on board the steamer.

The sixth day of the passage he went on deck with assistance; the seventh day he went alone; the eighth day he walked fore and aft from prow to stern unaided, and when the ship made Sandy Hook he was out of the doctor's hands, and as well as anyone on board.

It seemed almost a miracle.

The story he told the doctor was a plausible one, and answered the purpose, but we must tell the reader the absolute truth relative to Louis Molineux.

Penal servitude in France differs from that of all other countries.

The convicts are chained together like oxen, and are made to haul large stones, for the repair of the harbor at Brest, or to lift guns or machinery on board ship, and employed in cleaning and completing works in connection with the galleys, chained at all times in couples, to render escape the more difficult.

Their diet consists of stale bread, dry biscuit, beans, a little olive oil, and a preparation called wine, but tasting like vinegar.

At gunfire, say five o'clock in the morning, the convicts are released from the bare, slanting board which constitutes their only bed, receive their coarse breakfast, and as they pass out in couples to the workyards, a smith with a heavy hammer tests each set of fetters, to make sure that they have not been tampered with.

The discipline is atrocious.

The French prison system certainly favors escape, notwithstanding its apparently rigid rules.

It is a system of strict concentration at one time of the day, and of loose dispersion at another.

This is particularly the case at the seaport establishments, like those of Rochefort, Toulon and Brest.

On entering these institutions the prisoner is first carefully measured and weighed.

He is then stripped, bathed and draped in the costume of his class, in which he looks not unlike a stage harlequin.

His cap, coat, pants and vest are all of different colors, divided in the middle, one leg one color, and its companion a different hue.

This is to make escape more difficult.

Singular to say, they are permitted to smoke in their iron bondage, and may hold conspiring converse; there is little check upon their muttered intercourse and whisperings at night time.

Louis Molineux was No. 734 in the prison at Brest.

He had been incarcerated there for eleven years and over, though for what crime he would not divulge.

But let his guilt have been as great as possible, it would seem as though he had expiated his crime by the years of suffering and pain he had endured.

So strictly had he been guarded and so securely ironed all those dull, dragging, weary years, that he had never once seen a chance of escape.

Still, this man had only lived, as it were, for the purpose of escaping.

He would not have hesitated to commit suicide rather than to live in that confinement, had he not always kept before him a hope of escape sooner or later.

Finally the time came to make the attempt.

No. 734 had never attempted to escape, though most of the prisoners had been punished for this offense against the prison rules more or less frequently.

He was, therefore, separated from his comrade, to whom he had been shackled for years, and put upon some service where a single hand was needed in the yard.

One day he saw a chance to silently drop into the waters of the harbor.

Of course, he sank with the weight of iron he had upon his limbs, but as soon as he struck the bottom he struggled to the pier, and, climbing up, reached the surface where he could breathe.

There he remained for hours, entirely submerged, except his face and mouth; and, as night came on, succeeded in working his way round on to the beach, often under water.

Among the rocks of the shore he dug himself a hiding place beneath the sand, and lived for some days on seaweed and shellfish, while he was working upon his irons by the slow process of wearing an opening in his chain through the means of friction upon the rocks.

It was more than a week before he had freed himself from his irons.

His prison clothing would betray him anywhere, and he could never appear for a moment out of his hole during daylight.

One night hunger, at last, drove him to a fisherman's hut on the coast, where, finding no one at home, he ate a hearty meal and carried off a loaf of bread.

This came near costing him his liberty, as the fisherman gave information that he had been robbed, and No. 734 was suspected to have been the culprit.

The soldiers often passed close to his hiding place, and more than once he gave himself up for lost. Still he remained undiscovered.

One night he observed a small boat hauled up on the beach.

His plan was to throw away the clothes which would have betrayed him, get into the boat, and pull off into the track of foreign-bound ships.

He was taken by a squall far away to seaward, and out of the usual track of ships outward bound, lost both oars, and here he was driven about in the exposed condition in which he was found, as we have described.

An iron constitution, and the careful nursing he received on board the German packet ship, brought him through, and saved his life.

Louis Molineux, "734," was landed in New York possessing only a small purse made up for him among the passengers on board the steamer.

Of course, if the officers of the ship had known his real character, they would have felt obliged to detain him.

But "734" was soon lost sight of in the busy crowd of the metropolis.

GOOD READING

Between 200 and 300 members of the Naval Militia of the District of Columbia were left "dry" aboard the U. S. monitor Ozark when the fresh water supply gave out on the way to Norfolk. They were without water two days owing to a mishap to the Ozark's condensers, and then each received two bottles of beer to quench his thirst.

An action for \$20,000 has been entered against the city of Calgary, Sask., by the owners of an educated monkey that died recently while being exhibited at a vaudeville theater in this city. While the monkey was being transported from the railway station to the city the wagon in which it was riding bumped over an obstruction of some kind in the street, it is alleged. The animal was thrown out on its head and suffered injuries from which it died. The city refused to compensate the owner.

Philip B. Gordon, an Indian, is to be ordained into the Catholic priesthood by Bishop Koudelka. He is the second of his race to be ordained and the first in the United States. The other, the Rev. Albright Neganquet, was ordained several years ago at Rome for the diocese of Oklahoma. Gordon's name in the Chippewa tribe, to which he belongs, is Tibishkogijik. His grandfather, Anton Gordon, was one of the first settlers in this country. Young Gordon is twenty-six years old and speaks six languages. He spent several years in Rome and elsewhere studying and finished at the St. Paul Seminary.

It is not often that bequests from two almost unknown or forgotten friends come into one household within a few weeks even in the realm of fiction, but this is what has happened to Mrs. Frank Sievert. A few weeks ago a published article asking for information as to her whereabouts led to the discovery that she was left a sum of money by a Mrs. Kittie, who had died some months ago in Minneapolis, and whom she had befriended years ago. Now comes the second surprise in the shape of an announcement that Mrs. Sievert is the heir to an estate, estimated at some \$10,000, left by the late F. D. Slade, Lansing, Mich. Mr. Slade, like Mrs. Kittie, was a friend of Mrs. Sievert when she lived near Clinton.

That the wheels of the United States Postal Department grind rapidly is not always true, as a photograph received at Salina, Kan., which was mailed to Miss May Murphey of Salina six years ago at Tescott, twenty miles west of Salina, testifies. Miss Murphey was at that time living with her mother on Minneapolis avenue, and has since been married to William C. Green. She was expecting the photo, and, not receiving it, had given it up for lost years ago. The package bore the Tescott postmark of 1907 and the address was plainly written. Where the package had been in the meantime is a mystery. The wrapper showed that it had been used a long time ago, but did not indicate that it had been frequently handled.

A middle-aged Creek fullblood, slightly stooped after the manner of his race, and wearing old and rusty clothes, walked into a local attorney's office in Muskogee, Okla., and, through his interpreter, asked for a remittance of money which was coming to him. The attorney was acting in the Indian's behalf, and had called in the old Indian to make a settlement. The attorney peeled several bills off his "roll" and handed them to the Indian in settlement of the account. Then he laughingly told the interpreter to ask the fullblood what he was going to do with the money. The Indian looked at the interpreter a moment and then smiled. "E-nar-ow-thli-cha-ye-to-yes," he replied. The lawyer looked puzzled, as he noticed that the interpreter was concealing a grin. "What did he say?" he asked. "I should worry," truthfully responded the interpreter.

On account of the large production of petroleum in California, and its use for fuel, coal mining has practically ceased in that State. According to the United States Geological Survey, the production of coal in the last two years has been only 10,747 tons in 1911 and 10,978 tons in 1912. The production of petroleum in California in 1912 was 86,450,767 barrels, of which not less than 50,000,000 barrels was used directly for fuel. Large quantities of oil were also used in place of coal for gas making, and on the estimate of three and a half barrels of petroleum being equivalent to one ton of ordinary bituminous coal, it is probable that from 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons of coal would be required to perform in California the service now rendered by petroleum in the production of heat, light and power. There is still, however, remarks Coal Age, some demand for coal in California, particularly for domestic use and for the bunker trade at San Francisco, but this is almost exclusively supplied by coal from other States or from abroad.

Eddie Plank, the famous pitcher of the Philadelphia American team, was born at Gettysburg in 1875, and entered Gettysburg College in 1900. Even in those days, he felt the pitching prowess of Christy Mathewson, for during the time he was the leading twirler of his varsity team Gettysburg met the Bucknell College nine on the diamond. The tall, lanky youth in the box for the visitors was Mathewson, and after a remarkable pitching duel, from a college standpoint, Plank and his teammates were defeated, 3 to 0. Plank has never shown any desire to wander "far from his own fireside," and to-day owns two large farms near Gettysburg, Pa., his birthplace, and spends all his spare time there. He has wearied of the diamond strife, and is anxious to settle down. If Mack can persuade him to return to Shibe Park and don a playing uniform next spring, it will be but another example of the wonderful hold that the tall leader has over his players, according to the Athletics, who carried Plank off the Polo Grounds field on their shoulders after the last game of the world's series.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

SEED IS THEIR CURRENCY.

In his report to the Governor of New York, Joseph N. Francelini, one of the commission sent to Europe a few months ago to study the workings of agricultural banks, calls attention to an ancient system of banking which is still in active and successful operation in Southern Italy. This is that of the Monti Frumentari, or grain storage warehouses. In these are stored large quantities of seed, which is given out to farmers upon demand without payment. After the harvest the farmers return to the warehouses the amount of seed they have received, plus interest in seed. Thus do the farmers become established agriculturists without the necessity of borrowing money.

WHISKEY IN FURNITURE.

Almost every conceivable method has been employed to introduce liquor into the Indian country of Oklahoma from Fort Smith, Ark., but United States marshals found two new schemes recently.

In the drawers of a washstand and dresser consigned to a supposed mercantile company at Barnett, Okla., sixty quarts of whiskey were found. Inside a barrel of salt a ten gallon keg of whiskey was discovered. It was addressed to a grocery firm at Hartshorne, Okla. The furniture, salt and liquor were added to the contraband collection of the marshal's office.

The approach of the holidays has resulted in renewed activity of attempts to smuggle liquor into the Indian country. An increased number of small shipments of cheap furniture and one barrel shipments of salt caused the Federal officers to grow suspicious.

NEW YORK'S GARNET MINES.

The principal garnet mines in the United States are in Warren and Essex Counties, in the eastern Adirondacks in northeastern New York. These mines all lie within six or eight miles of the village of North Creek, the terminus of a branch of the Delaware and Hudson. The country rock is entirely pre-Cambrian, consisting of igneous rock, together with metamorphosed sediments. The three mines being worked at present are the Rogers, Sanders Bros. and the Hooper. At the Rogers mine the size of the garnets is of unusual interest, says the Engineering and Mining Journal. The matrix is a gray medium-grained non-quartziferous gneiss, through which the numerous, translucent, reddish-brown garnets are well scattered. Those with diameters up to 5 or 6 inches are common and the largest taken out are said to be the size of a bushel basket. The remarkable feature is the never-failing occurrence of a rim or envelope of pure black, medium-grained, hornblende crystals completely inclosing each garnet. The reddish-brown garnets completely surrounded by the black hornblende rims, which are in turn embedded in the gray gneiss, present a striking appearance in the walls of the mine pits. The garnet-bearing rock is fully three-quarters of a mile long.

QUEER HAPPENINGS.

East Orange Board of Education bars dances in school houses unless tango and turkey trot are proscribed.

Twenty-nine cars of hats—200,000 hats in all—sent from New York to St. Paul to stock new ten-story wholesale house.

Paterson Y. M. C. A. posts in new building precisely the sign against smoking used in street cars: "Lighted Butts Barred."

Augustus Wilkin, Yonkers, orders Santa Claus suit, gets Esquimaux dress; arrests dealer, Charles Edelberg. Case dismissed.

Film recording the smiles of President Wilson has been locked in air-tight box in Public Library to be opened 100 years from now.

No peace for illegal hunters in Newton, N. J. Game Warden Hendersheet works year to catch man who shot deer out of season.

"Move on," says cop. "I won't," answers Abe Kopelman, special deputy sheriff. Arrested. "Better move—I do," remarks Magistrate.

Needle in two pieces, swallowed weeks ago, removed from stomach of Raymond Hoffman, two, College Point, L. I. Located by X-ray.

Spanish prison swindlers promise \$20,000 if C. C. Holmesberg, Paterson, will send \$480 to free Senior Solovieff. Police have letters.

Beaver dam outlet to Cranberry Lake, Andover, N. J. Householders' cellars flooded. Protest. Dam destroyed. Beavers rebuild further up.

"They guy me," says a Mathilda Ruger, fourteen, weight 200, truant from Gates Avenue School, Brooklyn. "Go back," orders truant officer.

Dr. John Erwin, dentist, Richmond Hill, Queens, sues Mrs. K. T. Furey for hurting good name. She sues for \$5,000 for injury to molars.

Man takes newspaper, drops coin in hand of John Plaza, newsboy, Yonkers, leaves. "Newsy" delighted—a five-peso (gold), worth \$4.50.

Patrick Hogan, alleged burglar, flees from barking dog to fire-escape and is arrested. Seeing how small dog is, tries suicide, using buckle.

Nail caught in bib of crawling infant in Glasboro, N. J., as child was falling down stairs. Infant was held suspended and choked to death.

"Live out of doors, eat three good meals a day and laugh," says Mrs. Thomas Bennett, No. 152 Webster avenue, Kensington, 102 years old.

Frank Clark, of Orange, went to Police Headquarters to identify a confidence man's picture. Met the original at the door and called the police.

Edward Kent, Livingston, N. J., shoots eagle hawk, weighing thirty pounds, wing spread five feet. Garter snake just swallowed by bird revived in sun.

St. Paul's Universalist Church, Meriden, Conn., advertises public dance in parish house. "Two-inch partition ought to shut out devil," says Pastor Saunders.

THE GERMAN OCARINO.

A handsome metal instrument, made in Germany, from which peculiar but sweet music can be produced. Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which anyone can in a short time play any tune and produce very sweet music on this odd-looking instrument.

Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE GREAT FIRE EATER.



A great Sensational Trick of the Day! With the Fire Eater in his possession any person can become a perfect salamander, apparently breathing fire and ejecting thousands of brilliant sparks from his mouth, to the horror and consternation of all beholders. Harmless fun for all times, seasons and places. If you wish to produce a decided sensation in your neighborhood don't fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. Price of all complete only 15c., or 4 boxes for 50c., mailed postpaid; one dozen by express \$1.20.

N. B.—Full printed instructions for performing the trick accompany each box, which also contains sufficient material for giving several exhibitions.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.

Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch.

It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black walnut, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK

With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The *Remington-UMC .22 Repeater* is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every *Remington-UMC .22 repeater* never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

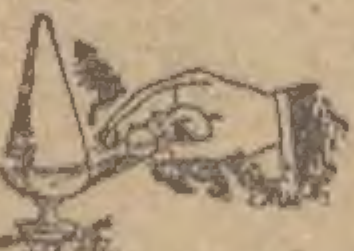
The *Remington-UMC .22 Repeater* is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299 Broadway, New York City

MARBLE VASE.



A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enamel- and turned wood vase.

Price, 20c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

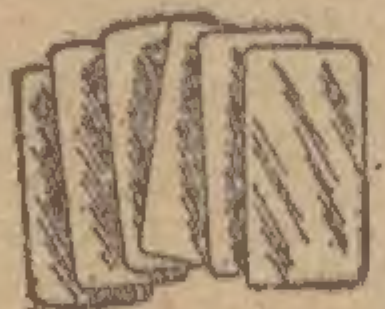
NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.



A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane or glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the

discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE MAGNETIC TOP.



A handsome metal, highly magnetized toy. A horseshoe and a spiral wire furnished with each top. When spun next to the wires, they make the most surprising movements. You can make wires of different shapes and get the most peculiar effects. Price, 5c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SPRINGER.



Don't miss this brand new novelty. It is a little figure made in various shapes, perched on a spring and pedestal. You push down the spring, set it where you please, and in a few moments it leaps up into the air, scaring the cat, and sending every one in the room into convulsions of laughter.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 82d St., New York City.

OLD COINS WANTED. \$1 to \$600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. **ROCKWELL & CO.** 3265 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

VOICE THROWER 10c. Wonderful instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. **McKINLEY CO.,** D9 WINONA, MINN.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. **Double Throat Co.,** Opt. 4 Frenchtown, N.J.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on **FREE TRIAL**. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. **W. E. Sterline,** 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

OLD COINS WANTED. \$7.75 Paid for RARE date 1853 Quarters and \$4 without arrows. CASH premiums paid on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money dated before 1896 and send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. Get Posted and make money easy. **C. F. CLARKE & CO.,** Coin Dealers, Box 21, Le Roy, N. Y.

8 BIG FAMILY GAMES 10c

consisting of Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, New Game of Authors, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, The Spanish Prison, and the Game of Flirtation, all for 10c. Best value.

CREST Specialty Shop 12, Roslyn, Wash.

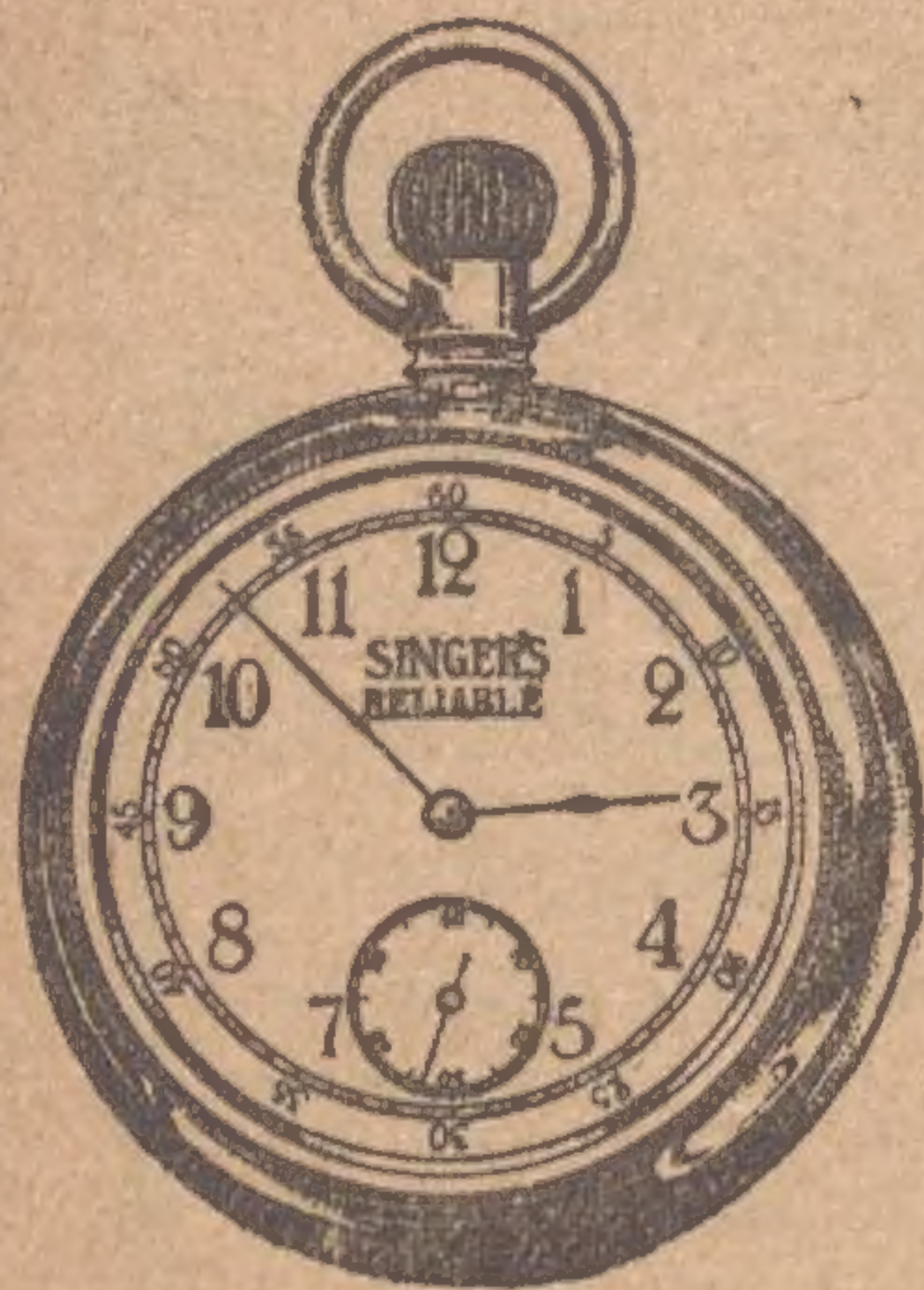
32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and one year. The **WHOLE THING** for only ten cents. **ROBERTS & CO.,** 3247 WOOD ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

You Can Make \$8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. **WATSON & CO.,** McKINLEY PARTY CHICAGO, ILL.

EASY MONEY Flash our "Millionaire's Bank Roll" and make 'em all "rubber." These goods are made in Washington and are dandies. Easy money handling them. Send 10c for sample "wand" and Big Catalog. Address, **McKINLEY CO.,** Dept. T, WINONA, MINN.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted. **PARKER, STEARNS & CO.,** 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Face

Look! A GRAND PREMIUM Look!

One of these fine watches FREE to anyone sending us

- One—1 year's subscription at . . . \$2.50
- Two—6 months' subscriptions at . . . 1.25 each
- Four—3 months' subscriptions at . . . 0.65 each

For either of the following: "Moving Picture Stories," "Happy Days," "Wild West Weekly," "Fame and Fortune Weekly," "The Liberty Boys of '76," "Secret Service," "Work and Win," or "Pluck and Luck."

There is only one condition—send us the money and we will send you the watch, and any one of the above publications for the period subscribed for.



Back

Description of the Watch

It is American-made, open face, stem wind and set, and will run from 30 to 36 hours with one winding. The movement is the same size as an expensive railroad timepiece, absolutely accurate, and each one is guaranteed. The cases are made in Gold Plate, Polished Nickel, Gun-metal with Gilt center and plain Gun-metal.

The design on the back case is a fancy engraved scroll.

Send In Your Subscriptions Now to

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., N. Y. City

HAPPY HOOLIGAN JOKER.



With this joker in the lapel of your coat, you can make a dead shot every time. Complete with rubber ball and tubing. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

SLICK TRICK PENCIL.



This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE JOKER'S CIGAR.

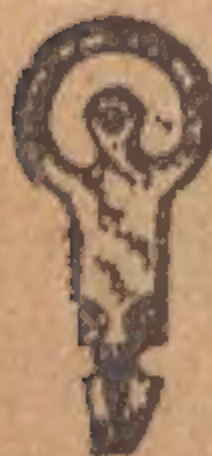


The biggest sell of the season. A real cigar made of tobacco, but secreted in the center of cigar about one-half inch from end is a fountain of sparklets. The moment the fire reaches this fountain hundreds of sparks of fire burst forth in every direction,

to the astonishment of the smoker. The fire is stage fire, and will not burn the skin or clothing. After the fireworks the victim can continue smoking the cigar to the end. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; 1 dozen, 90c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

MANY TOOL KEY RING.



The wonder of the age. The greatest small tool in the world. In this little instrument you have in combination seven useful tools embracing Key Ring, Pencil Sharpener, Nail Cutter and Cleaner, Watch Opener, Cigar Clipper, Letter Opener and Screw Driver. It is not a toy, but a useful article, made of cutlery steel, tempered and highly nicked. Therefore will carry an edge the same as any piece of cutlery. As a useful tool, nothing has ever been offered to the public to equal it. Price, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

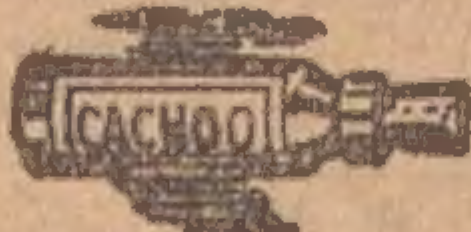
TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.



The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it.

Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

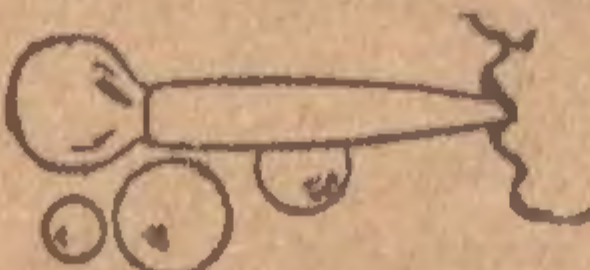
THE MAGIC DAGGER.



A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

BUBBLE BLOWER.



With this device, a continuous series of bubbles can be blown. It is a wooden, cigar-shaped blower, encasing a small vial, in which there is a piece of soap. The vial is filled with water, and a peculiarly perforated cork is inserted. When you blow in to the mouthpiece, it sets up a hydraulic pressure through the cork perforations and causes bubble after bubble to come out. No need of dipping into water once the little bottle is filled. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.



Nickel plated and polished; it produces a near-piercing sound; large seller; illustration actual size. Price, 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SURPRISE LETTER DRUM.



Stung! That was one on you! The joke? You send a friend a letter. He opens it, and that releases the drum. Instantly the sheet of note paper begins to bang and thump furiously, with a ripping, tearing sound. Guaranteed to make a man with iron nerves almost jump out of his skin. You can catch the sharpest wisenheimer with this one. Don't miss getting a few. Price, 6c. each by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

POCKET WHISK-BROOM.



This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6 1/4 inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid. M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.